

American

JANUARY 1955

MERCURY

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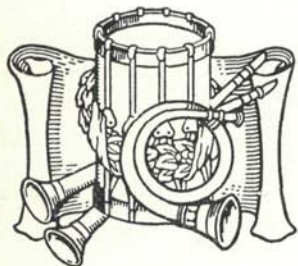
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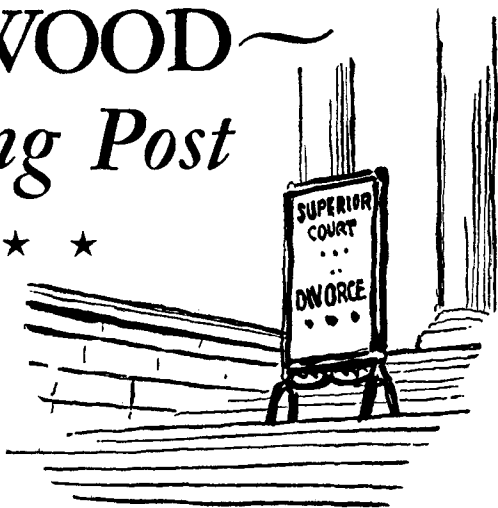
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HOLLYWOOD~ *Unhitching Post*



By

IRENE
CORBALLY
KUHN



MARRIAGE is surely a sometime thing for some people. They take vows to cling together for better or for worse — but not for long. The dizzier members of Hollywood's movie crowd, New York's café society, and the restless members of that curious agglomeration known as the International Set all seem to get married only for the publicity; and to split up for bigger and blacker headlines.

Adult audience interest in the many matings and unwindings of glamor dolls with oversized façades is far less than their hysterical press agents and helpful editors fondly imagine. The preoccupa-

tion of teenagers just discovering sex under its pink icing of romance is something else again. Too often, the synthetic glamorpusses and their short-term husbands are the models for everything the kids think and do.

The youngsters wear their hair like Hollywood stars; they pad their budding virginal bosoms. The kids wiggle when they walk and clench their teeth sexily when they talk; and if their favorite movie star marries and divorces frequently, they'll ape that too.

Café society dolls and the International Set have no responsibility for anybody's morals but their own. Hollywood's another matter. For every teenager who sees a saloon siren or a Riviera Romeo alley-cattin' around, millions see and read



about Marilyn Monroe's breakaway from Joe.

A movie star is a public character, almost public property. The movies wanted it that way and now they're stuck with it; and the industry's responsibility to the public goes far beyond delivering movie pictures that are worth the price charged at the box office. The enormous popularity of movies as a mass medium of entertainment has never been topped, probably never will be — not even by television which, after all, is also only just pictures that move and talk but on a smaller screen. The stars sell bum pictures as well as good ones; and money invested in star build-ups to make the public aware of them and interested enough to see the pictures they appear in runs into millions. A star like Marilyn Monroe or Ava Gardner is a "hot" property in more ways than one.

MORE than three decades ago, when the movies were younger and less influential than they are now, recognition of their public responsibility was forced upon them. Wisely, they established the Hays Office and joined in an industry effort to police themselves, watch their manners and morals, keep their would-be-waywards in line and so avoid public censure and official censorship.

A few slippery ones got through the net. Charlie Chaplin was one of the early practitioners of installment polygamy with his several marriages

and some unsavory extra-marital affairs. Many other stars took their marriage vows with their fingers crossed, and changed partners between pictures.

All this was frowned upon by the morals cops in the Hays Office and the studio moguls, who feared public disapproval would be reflected in a boycott at the box office. Press agents got ulcers and their ulcers got ulcers as everyone ducked and dodged to keep a "bad" story about a misbehaving star bottled up as long as possible.

When Ingrid Bergman left her physician husband and their little daughter to live in transports of joyous, illegal abandon with an Italian director, she stirred up a storm of distaste and disapproval which was all the stronger because she had created on the screen the image of a clean, fresh, wholesome heroine. She had even played Joan of Arc, and the picture about the sainted Maid of Orleans with Ingrid's lovely face expressing holy rapture was playing the movie theaters of the country even while Ingrid was anticipating motherhood with her Roman Romeo, the previously married Rossellini.

But the press agents and public relations experts who had to smooth that one over for Hollywood will be men with memories of sleepless nights and nightmare days they'll never forget, even though years have passed and Ingrid and Rossellini are the parents now of three children, a boy

and twins, and Ingrid's first husband has just recently married again.

The studio press corps had its hands full with Shelley Winters, who had a short but fruitful romance with an Italian actor. That one ended with a bang, Miss Winters berating and reviling her husband, Vittorio Gassman, and shouting across the Atlantic for one and all to hear: "He told me to stay out of Italy because he didn't want a pregnant woman around." The marriage was over before the baby was born.

And another luscious Lorelei, Ava Gardner, gave studio executives triple jitters when she took off on a pre-marital trial heat with Crooner Frank Sinatra, who left his wife and small babes for this irresistible grown-up babe. Ava had ventured into matrimony earlier, first with a movie actor, and then with Artie Shaw, band leader and wife collector (he's up to his ninth mate now, neck and neck with Tommy Manville). It was only yesterday that Ava and Frankie were breathing fire and moanin' low, but even so, some moons have gone by since Miss Gardner ditched *The Voice*. She is playing the field now, specializing in Spanish bull-fighters.

And, of course, the movies got some of the backwash of the scandal of the Babs Hutton-Porfirio Rubirosa breakup after only 73 days of marriage, for while the principals in this sordid shocker are members in good standing of the Paris-Riviera branch of the International Set,

Babs' third husband, two removed from Rubi, who was her fifth, was Cary Grant, the Hollywood star. And contributing gleefully to the breakup, which she predicted, was Zsa Zsa Gabor, the hep Hungarian, only a few months removed from a divorce from her fourth mate, George Sanders, also of the movies.

Zsa Zsa and George won't be free to marry again until April 1, 1955, but she and Rubi have been travelling everywhere together, nice and cosy-like, in his private, ocean-hopping plane, ever since he left Babs on their Florida honeymoon. Zsa Zsa has been commuting between Europe and Hollywood while she makes a movie. She wanted Rubi to have a part in it, too, but, alas, he's a foreigner, and he couldn't get his working papers.

WE COME now to the present, to what might be called the to-hell-with-the-public-it-likes-television-anyway attitude, and to the interesting case of Miss Monroe, the Queen of Hearts, and Mr. DiMaggio, the King of the Diamond, as the Hollywoodenheads would quaintly put it. The period in which the attitude was born begins roughly with the publicity build-up of Miss Monroe, that double-dip damsel sometimes known as *The Shape*, whose physical charms you'd think were unique in all the world. It can well end with Miss Monroe, too, this period of uninhibited vulgarity and amorality which reached its lowest

point when the blonde's 9-months' marriage to Baseball's hottest hero fell apart.

MARILYN MONROE, for those who came in late, or who watch the wrestlers on TV instead of going to the movies, is a 26-year-old blonde, the one-time pathetic waif, product of orphan asylums and institutions, who got into the movies by posing for an "art" calendar in her birthday suit. (All the Yankee fans who took down their calendars out of respect for Joe when he and Marilyn got married have tacked them back up again since Joe moved out.) Her studio, Twentieth-Century Fox, gave her the full treatment and Marilyn's curves and bumps were soon as familiar scenery as Niagara Falls.

In a picture by that name, incidentally, Marilyn's sexy walk and singing stopped the show. The entire emphasis in the publicity was on sex, as if it were a rare commodity and only Marilyn had it. A continuous assembly line of photos kept moving out into circulation, photos of Marilyn in abbreviated costumes, in leg art, in plain and fancy cheesecake, and of Marilyn in dresses down to here and tighter than her own skin. These went skittering around the world to make men drool and women weep with envy.

The campaign went so far that after a party in New York last winter, Darryl Zanuck, Marilyn's studio boss, called a halt. Marilyn was there, too, dressed in sandals and one

garment, a gown of glittering sequins that fitted her like his scales fit a goldfish. She went slithering up to the microphone to greet her fans, and her famous rollypoly walk, with an extra wiggle because she felt good, brought a gasp from the audience, then a series of nervous giggles, and finally, guffaws. Mr. Zanuck was not amused.

It was not long after that that Marilyn and Joe DiMaggio were married. They'd met on a blind date, and if she'd heard of him before, she didn't remember it. They were wed on January 15, amid rapturous avowals of undying love and simultaneous announcements that they planned to have a family. "At least one," said Joe, who already has a son by a previous marriage. "I want six babies," said Marilyn, and added, if you can believe it, "I'm looking forward to being a housewife."

Two weeks later in Tokyo, where Joe, had he been alone, would have been trampled in the rush of his ever-loving Japanese baseball fans, the jangling discord of the second fiddle could be heard faintly over the harmonies of the honeymoon. Joe saw his wife mobbed by howling movie fans and autograph seekers. He was still a bridegroom, however. "I don't mind playing second fiddle to Marilyn. She's my wife," he said.

From that point on, though, Joe had no comment. Not until one night in September, the 13th to be exact, two days short of a full nine

months of marriage. Marilyn had come to New York for some scenes for her latest movie, "The Seven Year Itch." She stood over a subway grating in a white chiffon accordion-pleated skirt and halter top, and a pair of tight, white nylon scanties briefer than a Bikini. The street was roped off and there were hundreds of bug-eyed lookers-on even though the scenes were shot after midnight.

A wind machine, installed below the grating, provided the show of the century. Ten, twelve, fourteen or fifteen times, as the cameras rolled and Marilyn strode across the grating, the wind machine whipped the billowing dress way up over her head. Joe came along while the show was on. He stood at the ropes, got a look, and bystanders heard him say, "What the hell's going on here?" in angry tones.

Joe and Marilyn flew home, fought it out, and on October 5, Marilyn sued for divorce on the usual Hollywood grounds of "mental cruelty."

THEN the dam broke. Harry Brand, press agent of Marilyn's studio, a realist where Hollywood marriages are concerned, was all primed for the sad but not unexpected event. At the time Marilyn and Joe were married there were bets all over Hollywood it wouldn't last a year. Brand had extracted a promise from Marilyn that if the marriage broke up she would tell him first.

He had a plan of action all laid out, and when Marilyn called and sobbed out the news, Brand buzzed for his five assistants and they were off, to spread the bad news as fast and far as possible. They 'phoned Lolly Parsons and Hedda Hopper and all the Los Angeles newspapers, and the three wire services, which sent the news around the world just as if it were really important.

The story was front-paged on all the important papers in the country and around the world, probably even in *Pravda* where it would make lovely anti-capitalist propaganda.

Harry Brand, the demon press agent, wrote the epitaph on the exploitation of a marriage bust-up that was outrageous, even for Hollywood.

"We're all sorry at the studio that it happened," he said. "It was a wonderful kind of legend, Joe and Marilyn. Everybody loves 'em both. Everybody thinks it's Romeo and Juliet. It's the All-American Girl divorcing the All-American Boy."

Well, this is the All-American Critic of this All-American Nonsense, announcing that everybody *doesn't* "love 'em both" and everybody's fed up with this latest Hollywood nose-thumbing of decency. And isn't it ironic that Marilyn should have complained that all Joe wanted to do while they were married was sit around and look at TV. When he had all that scenery at home!

THE LIVING CORPSE OF *Casablanca*

By Charles G. Schlee

OUR main office in Casablanca was a three-story building on a busy corner, not far from the *Place de France*. Each individual bureau had a little balcony overhanging the sidewalk, so that the wise man parked his car on the other side of the street; that is, if he respected the top of his car enough to want to protect it against the ravages wrought by lighted cigarette butts, discarded by members of our industrious personnel, sunning itself on the balconies, or watching the passing show in the little street below.

Entertainment was never lacking, and you could be sure if you should leave your desk to stretch the old legs a bit, that before you idly tossed the stump of your cigarette over the balcony onto the new convertible below, some sort of excitement would occur.

It might be, perhaps, only a couple of cab horses falling down on the slippery cobbles, but it was quite amazing the amount of advice it

would call forth from all sides as to just how they should be got back onto their feet again. Then there were collisions between cars, welcome diversions in any country, but in Casablanca they were singularly entertaining. Passers-by would take sides almost before the drivers of the respective cars had even recovered from the shock, and quarrel among themselves on the issue. The balconies became crowded, and work in the office would come to a standstill. Arguments were started between onlookers on the pavement and members of the accounting department on the third floor.

Eventually the *gendarmes* would arrive, who, after ascertaining the names of the grandfathers and grandmothers of the drivers, an essential requisite in French police procedure, would enter into the discussion, although the crowd was now so dense they very soon had to break off the debate to relieve the traffic congestion. In the meantime, the drivers involved would suddenly discover

that the damage was negligible, exchange cards with a bow and depart with honor satisfied.

For a good scrimmage, however, there was nothing to surpass the incidents when Arabs would fall off their bicycles with a resounding crash, usually when they were carrying home the day's marketing. The wild scramble to rescue the scattered victuals, before a swarm of Arab urchins made off with them, was always worth a trip to the balcony.

But a sure draw was the Arab funeral. The Arabs do not use coffins, the body being unceremoniously carried in a bier by four bearers. The French authorities, however, ruled that the bier was to be covered with a pall; otherwise, Arab custom did not permit such luxuries.

UNLIKE most other funerals, the Arab procession moves at a brisk pace, and is followed by professional mourners, the number of which depends on the worldly wealth of the deceased or his relatives. These professionals sing a monotonous chant as they proceed on foot, followed by a string of empty *fiacres* to drive them back from the cemetery.

I never could resist strolling out onto the balcony to watch a funeral go by; the bier, with its flimsy and inadequate cloth carelessly thrown across it, always intrigued me. Had it not been for this morbid fascination of mine, I would never have

noticed, on one occasion, something very unusual and alarming taking place. To my horror, and in spite of the fact that it was a hot and oppressive day with no wind whatever, I distinctly saw a very decided agitation taking place under the frail fabric.

I was down the stairs, out in the street and almost caught up with the procession, before I realized the problem which confronted me. How in the world was I going to stop the funeral, particularly when I didn't know enough of the language to converse with the participants?

I walked along beside them, turning over and over in my mind just how I was going to proceed. Should I walk out in front of the procession, hold up my hand in policeman-like fashion, and bring the cortege to a halt? But what then? Should I try by means of signs to explain to the pallbearers that the gentleman or lady upstairs was not what they thought he or she was, and they had better take him or her home again before it was too late? But what signs was I going to make to interpret such a message? The Arabs, I knew, were very touchy about their religious ceremonies, and should I try a dumb show with appropriate gesticulations, the chances were that they would misinterpret my well-meaning efforts and get nasty.

By this time I was beginning to attract quite a lot of attention. The professional mourners were already eying me with suspicion, and

were singing a little out of tune and decidedly off the beat in consequence.

But from the level of the street I could see nothing; in fact, everything looked depressingly normal, and I began to wonder if really I had been mistaken. Large drops of perspiration dropped from my forehead as my imagination started to run riot.

SUDDENLY, I was brought back to reality — not before, however, I was about to mount the steps of the scaffold — when the procession slowed down as it approached the gates of the cemetery. Taking a deep breath, and summoning up all my courage even though it felt as if the ground was falling away from under my feet, I dashed forward, and was about to summarily call a halt, when, to my indescribable relief, I saw before me (bless him!) the austere and forbidding figure of a *gendarme*.

But I had reckoned without the vagaries of chance and the fickleness of coincidence. He listened to my story, looked at me a little more closely, a little more suspiciously, and then felt for his notebook. I knew the signs. He was, I felt sure, about to ask me, amongst other things, the name of my grandmother and grandfather.

It was now my turn to look more closely. Gradually, out of the mist of my agony, the outline of that *gendarme's* face took on a vaguely

familiar form, as there arose once more before my eyes a recent scene beneath my office window. There a *gendarme*, standing on point duty, rigid with commanding and imposing decorum, had been ignominiously pushed squarely in the behind by an absent-minded motorist — not violently but sufficiently sharp to unbalance him — so that he fell on all fours into a puddle.

In the silence that followed, while the world held its breath, high up on my little balcony, I had laughed. Slowly and unsteadily he had risen to his feet, lifted his head and glowered with outraged dignity on my abashed and shrinking figure.

Now as I stood before him, there was no doubt as to the identity of that *gendarme*. Face to face with him, I pleaded, I cajoled, I painted for him the same harrowing scene with which I had so successfully frightened myself to death, but it was of no avail. He didn't even flinch; he just wet the lead of his pencil and held it poised.

"*Votre nomme, Monsieur?*" he demanded coldly.

I looked about wildly for the whereabouts of the procession; thank God, I breathed, it had come to a halt at what was no doubt its final destination, a hundred yards or so from the gates at which we were standing. The bier had already been lowered to the ground, and I knew that there was but one thing left to do. Pausing only for a moment, to eye with apprehension the ominous

looking holster attached to the belt of my friend the *gendarme*, I decided to take the risk. Then, yelling at the top of my voice, I sprinted for the burial party.

HAVING no doubt taken him completely by surprise, I got quite a good start, but it was only a matter of seconds before I heard an echoing yell behind me, and immediately felt relieved that it hadn't been a bullet. We arrived neck and neck before a crowd of the most astonished Arabs in history. They had just removed the covering from the bier, and were about to confine the body into a shallow grave about three feet deep.

The *gendarme* and I were far too breathless to resume our discussion, and besides, there was quite obviously no further need for it. There lay the corpse in the bier quite unmistakably breathing, its eyes wide open and rolling from side to side.

I turned triumphantly towards the *gendarme*, but before I could address a word to him, the burial party, presuming, no doubt, that we had come to participate in the ceremony,

casually resumed the proceedings.

With the air of a referee stopping the play after a foul in a football match, the *gendarme* strode into the assembly. With my part in the drama completed, I turned my back on the scene of confusion, in which everyone was shouting and gesticulating at once, and sauntered back to the gates, there to await the finale.

It was a silent and thoroughly dejected funeral party that returned with the body in the bier, this time headed for the municipal hospital. At the gates, the *gendarme* halted the procession and came over to make his apologies. At the same time, he told me that he had had the greatest difficulty to stop them from burying the man.

"But he is dead," they had protested to him, "the *toubib* has said so, and what the doctor says *must* be so. The funeral has begun, the money has been paid; so let us finish the job and go home. What if his eyes do roll a little, and his arms and legs twitch a bit?" Then they added scornfully, "Why, chickens do much worse than that, even after their throats have been cut."



The Country's **BUSIEST** *Flag Pole*

BY BILL KREH

VISITORS to the U. S. Capitol Building in Washington, D. C., sometimes are astonished to see Capitol policemen busily running a flag up one of the building's flag poles, letting it fly a few minutes, and then hauling it down.

Then they repeat the process — not once, but several times, using a different flag each time.

Strange as it may seem, the Capitol cops haven't suddenly gone crazy. They're merely trying to keep up with the many requests that Congressmen receive for a "flag that has flown over the Capitol of the United States."

Today, across the country, several thousand persons, veterans' posts, schools and other groups proudly display such flags, and they have letters to prove the flags actually flew over the Nation's Capitol Building.

The practice of handing out, upon request, worn-out Capitol Building flags was started a number of years ago. But the word got around, and soon Congressmen were swamped

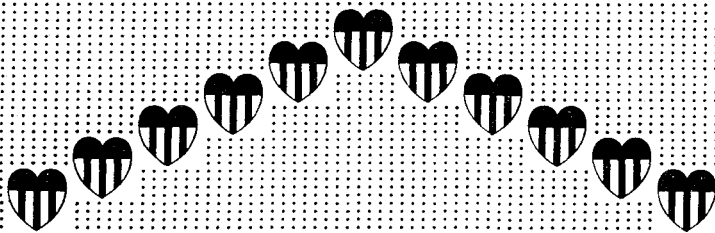
with requests. The demand soon outstripped the supply, so a mass production plan was worked out.

Now, when a Congressman is asked for a Capitol flag, or if he decides to present one to an organization, he goes to the House of Representatives' stationery shop for a flag. The shop stocks two sizes of American flags — one 3 by 5 feet, the other 5 by 8 — which it sells to the members of Congress for \$3.50 and \$6.80.

The Congressman then sends the flag over to the office of David Lynn, architect of the Capitol. Mr. Lynn has Capitol police run the flag up the pole, let it wave a few minutes, and then haul it down.

Mr. Lynn writes a letter attesting that the flag flew over the Capitol Building on that day, and sends the flag and letter back to the Congressman.

From there, the Congressman ships the flag to its destination where, before long, it's the envy of the community—a patriotic and useful memento from the Nation's Capitol.



NSIA ✓

Business Partner in Defense

BY THEODORE GRANIK

IN THEIR unceasing attacks on the American free enterprise system, socialists and other enemies repeatedly fling such epithets as “selfish,” “grasping,” and “uncooperative.” Contrary to the smears, there exist throughout our economy a thousand and one obvious facts to refute the phoney charges of the anti-free-enterprise clique.

However, there are probably few more dramatic and inspiring refutations than that represented by a quietly working organization known as the National Security Industrial Association. NSIA — whether you realize it or not — is one of the stal-

wart guardians of your U.S.A. It symbolizes the essence of American business as a selfless partner in the most important of all subjects — United States defense.

The Association includes some 600 of the nation’s companies with membership ranging from America’s greatest industrial corporations to many small, virtually unknown companies performing, however, indispensable sub-contracting work.

NSIA has headquarters in Washington, with branch offices in New York and San Francisco. Contrary to the vicious Marxist caricature of allegedly “greedy” U.S. business, it

is a strictly non-profit, non-political organization which embraces all industries and indulges in no lobbying.

From this vast pool of know-how, NSIA taps for Uncle Sam's benefit uncounted numbers of generously donated man-hours by America's most skilled executive and technical personnel.

Their purpose: to come up with satisfactory answers on how to do a better, faster, more efficient, more economical job for the Army, Navy and Air Force. Their reward: the inner satisfaction of true patriots.

It was back in 1944 that James V. Forrestal, then Secretary of Defense, hit upon the idea of bringing together the businesses that were working with the Government in order to get their advice on a great number of defense production problems. Today, ten years later, NSIA can look back over an inspiring record of accomplishments in carrying out assignments from the Armed Services and various defense agencies.

ITS PROCEDURE is simple. Upon receiving an assignment, it sets up expert committees to study specific problems and come up with recommendations. It draws upon the ablest talent available among all the companies which might possibly contribute to a solution — both NSIA members and non-members. When the tasks are completed, the committees are disbanded.

At present, NSIA has 13 Active Advisory Committees: Ordnance;

Material Handling; Simulators; Air Cargo; Detergents; Food Services; Forest Products; Medical; Surgical; Packaging; Patents; Procurement; Rubber and Elastometric.

Some of these terms are of course unfamiliar to many laymen. "Simulators," for instance, are the electronic devices that reproduce or simulate actual conditions experienced in battle, such as naval gunfire simulators, submarine attack simulators, attacking aircraft simulators. These simulators are invaluable for training and other purposes. The Simulators Committee and other committees have task committees — numbering 65 in all — which break down particular parts of current problems.

The results of this business-government teamwork — up and down the line — are phenomenal. Most recent dramatic example was the successful taking on of headache-making Navy problems connected with the "Mighty Mouse" — the 2.5 folding-fin aircraft rocket. Our Navy faced very complicated problems of production, assembly and distribution of this vital weapon. The problem was presented to NSIA.

Within six months, a member of the Ordnance Advisory Committee, Earl L. Canfield, had not only licked the problem of the "Mighty Mouse," but had demonstrated concretely the sort of achievement which free enterprise can and does rack up in a great many other spheres when it is called upon for highest service. For

his work, the Navy's highest civilian honor, the Distinguished Public Service Award, was conferred by the Secretary of the Navy on Mr. Canfield.

The glowing report of Admiral M. F. Schoeffel, Chief of the Navy's Bureau of Ordnance, spotlighted a good example of NSIA achievement. The report stated, ". . . Mr. Canfield was motivated by the highest principles. Neither he nor his company stood to profit in any way through these accomplishments. In addition, he transmitted to other commercial manufacturers — possible competitors in some fields — without remuneration, technical instruction and production techniques."

Vast numbers of U. S. defense problems are still being met. In recent months, NSIA teams have been working on such diverse tasks as:

- better pre-loading of cargo on aircraft;
- handling of materials under extreme Arctic temperatures;
- pharmaceutical and allied medical problems in connection with blood and blood plasma;
- bracing of military supplies shipped by trains;
- better containers for shipping spare parts for airplanes;
- improvement of contract negotiation and accounting procedures;
- still more effective security practices in industry;
- special fabrics for darkroom tents;

- corrosion control at Air Force depots;
- streamlining procurement methods.

Even problems which may not appear to be critical to United States defense are taken on, as when the Association developed a new recipe service for the old Navy cook book. The result was praised by gold braid and apprentice seamen alike.

Every one of these problems represents a big or small dilemma to the Pentagon; NSIA takes on these provocative question-marks and turns them into exultant exclamation points of achievement.

The Armed Forces, deeply appreciative of the Association's services, cooperate by inviting NSIA members to see military products in action, both ashore and afloat. NSIA committee members are, therefore, constantly on the move. One committee, for example, may visit a secret guided-missile launching area; another, a proving ground; another a submarine installation, and so on, wherever the United States equipment is in action.

Thus, the deep sense of pride in turning out top quality equipment which has been traditionally felt by American companies is greatly heightened by seeing that equipment go through its paces under rugged real-life conditions.

THE NET RESULT of all this effort is the saving of uncounted dollars for America's taxpayers, but,

even more important, it will be the saving of America itself. United States industry is keenly aware that our continued industrial edge over the U.S.S.R. represents the indispensable requirement for the survival of Western civilization. There is abundant evidence that the Soviet Union is going all-out to expand the war potential of its Iron Curtain industrial base, and to accelerate its ordnance and other research and development.

Russian engineers (and spies) are no slouches. Again and again, Red designs — part stolen, part copied, part independently conceived — have sent shivers down U.S. defense spines.

Reports of new long-range Red jet-bombers and of work on inter-continental ballistic missiles have been responsible for reviewing entire U.S. defense concepts. Not only are the Soviets racing furiously ahead on these developments, but their competent mass-production increasingly belies our inveterate under-

estimating of their so-called “primitive” techniques.

So, American industry cannot coast on its oars. It knows that cooperation with the Pentagon must be the order of the day. Time is of the essence; it is not being lost.

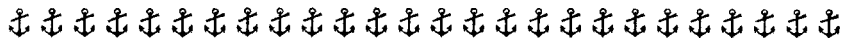
The people of America may, therefore, feel a sense of deep gratification that through NSIA, America's companies are, as usual, fulfilling their highest obligations to the nation.

They are aided in this work by a crack corps of NSIA staff members, composed principally of former senior officers of the United States Armed Forces.

The officers of the Association themselves represent a blue book of American free enterprise — literally millions of dollars worth of top corporate leadership. But few men are more humble in their willingness to take on any project which Uncle Sam feels is necessary for his military survival.

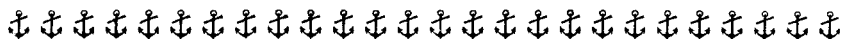
NSIA, take a bow.





HOW I NEARLY SANK A SUBMARINE

By Kathleen V. Powell



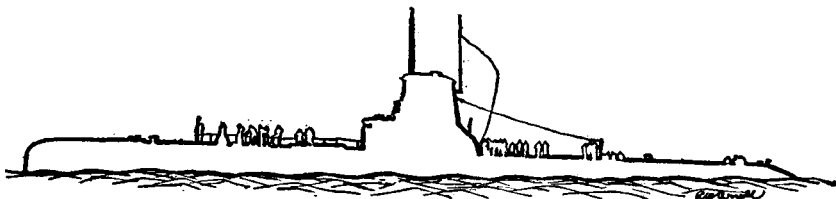
NO SUBMARINE has been lost yet because the crew failed to understand certain intricacies of the plumbing. But one almost was because *I* didn't.

Newer-type subs have foolproof arrangements for disposing of wastes and in the new atomic ships maybe the "head" is no hazard to normally bright people. In the old fleet-type jobs that piled up such a magnificent record in World War II, it was a different story, however, and that is the kind of submarine I sailed in one cold, grey morning out of the U.S. Navy Submarine Base at New London, Connecticut.

The cruise began routinely enough. We were making a day's

training trip; planned to knife down into Long Island Sound for dives and other simulated battle maneuvers. The only non-routine aspect was the fact that in addition to its crew of 68 men and eight officers, the ship carried a small bundle of twittering femininity consisting of two Navy nurses and this reporter. Bundled in woolen slacks and foul-weather jackets, we clung to the bridge for our smooth ride down the Thames River.

While your submarine sails the surface of the water, we found, a cruise by sub is no more and no less exciting than any other boat ride. Once she gets ready for the inevitable dive, however, everything



changes. Taking a submarine down is dead serious business in peacetime as in war and every crew member knows he is playing for keeps. Each has some knowledge of major operations connected with keeping the craft watertight and safe to stay in and is quick to move into action when needed. One careless move or instant's hesitancy in obeying an order or carrying out routine duties can endanger the lives of everyone aboard. All of which adds up to a good reason for not carrying women in submarines as a regular practice. Especially not civilian women with no mechanical aptitude.

WHEN the ship's klaxon blared twice for the first dive of the day and the skipper crisply ordered, "Off-watch topside personnel below — standby to dive," butterflies came alive in my stomach, but I managed to tumble fast through the hatch from the bridge to conning tower. Before I slipped, irretrievably, into a periscope well, an officer got me safely through the conning tower down another ladder into the control room. Here, crew members at diving stations had already made the first moves to take our ship under the waves. A slight upswing in air pressure strained momentarily against my eardrums. Then, almost instantly, there was a suggestion of imbalance as the ship slid smoothly into a six-degree dive.

A World War II submariner with characteristically grey hair had as-

sured me that after the first dive I would feel so easy and comfortable I wouldn't know whether we were sailing on the surface or under it. He wasn't entirely right about part of the statement — the "easy and comfortable" part — though it is true I did get too confused to know if we were up or down. During noon dinner, the skipper took an informal check on this matter and both of the nurses and I came up with the wrong answer.

While we ate, I begged our skipper for some exciting first person stories. Except for wartime adventures, he said, the only real excitement had occurred "the other time we had a woman aboard." Elucidating, he continued: "We ran into a mud bank while submerged and that woman turned as white as this tablecloth." Pausing a moment, he added thoughtfully: "As a matter of fact, so did I."

Maybe it was a nervous memory of that conversation that made me fluff my solo run among some of the complicated plumbing gadgets. The officers' head had been designated ladies' powder room for the day. As you may know, it is a miniature closet just off — or just in — the forward torpedo room. There are more pipes, valves, wheels, levers and gears in that tiny compartment than in the engine room. So it seemed to me, anyhow. You had to be a mechanical engineer to understand the system and at least a low grade genius to operate it. Our skip

per instructed the nurses and one of them, in turn, tried to show me.

First you open a valve that lets sea water into a second valve. Then you open the second valve (the stop valve, that is) to let this water run into the toilet bowl. Now close this valve and open the flapper or dump valve by lever with the right hand. Then open the sea valve, which also has its accompanying stop valve. This opens the chamber to the sea. Let in a little compressed air to blow out the waste waters — and the job is done. Simple! Of course, as you go along, you shut off or secure each valve in proper sequence. If you don't, the effect would be about the same as an enemy depth charge shattering through the hull.

I SHUT MYSELF into the tiny closet. Time came to operate the mechanism and my mind went blank. Tentatively I pulled, pushed, and twirled wheels and levers. Then I leaped for my life into the torpedo room. Behind me water gurgled and churned; the hiss of compressed air rocked the ship. Two or three sailors and the nurse who was standing by reached in, collectively grabbing for valves and gears.

I am relieved to report that the plumbing was brought under control without undue casualty except to our nerves. "Were we up or down?" I asked a torpedoman through quivering lips, with some vague thought that danger would have been greater had we been in

the depths of the sea where water pressure runs to terrific force. The man looked at me with the sad, resigned expression one sees occasionally in the eyes of a male driver whose car has been sideswiped by a woman driver. "If you mean, were we submerged, the answer is Yes," he said. As I groped my way toward the nearest cup of coffee, I heard him mutter: "What were you trying to do — scuttle the ship?" But the question seemed rhetorical and I did not try to answer.

For the rest of the cruise I kept clear of any mechanism more complicated than the joe-pot. Even so, I thought some members of the crew cringed noticeably when our skipper presented an Honorary Submariner's card to me as we disembarked.

Be it known to all good sailors of the seven seas that . . . is hereby designated as Honorary Submariner . . . a true and loyal daughter of the Wearers of the Dolphin.

A very small handful of women have the good fortune to possess these cards. Some of our crew, I believe, felt it should be kept that way.

The story of my fumble with the plumbing must have drifted topside, too. At any rate, when I asked officials of the Submarine Base whether I might hitch a ride in our first atomic submarine, the *Nautilus*, the answer came back promptly and in the negative. "The way things look now," the reply stated, "it would take an Act of Congress, at least, to get you aboard."

Old F.B.I. Agents Don't Just Fade Away



BY HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE



SPECIAL AGENT James G. Findlay of the Federal Bureau of Investigation closed his notebook and stood up. He shook hands with the president and vice-president of a Los Angeles trucking corporation and said: "Thank you, gentlemen. I think the FBI can now move into the situation. You'll hear from us."

As the door closed behind Findlay, the president looked at the vice-president and exclaimed:

"Heaven above! He's an old bird!"

"Must be well past sixty."

"And I thought all FBI agents were young men."

That's an opinion shared by most, but it's as mythical as a house full of ghosts. People who do come in contact with alert, clean-cut young men who do much of the investigative work for the Department of Justice frequently ask: "What happens to the *old* FBI agents?" The answer to that one is that, unlike generals, they don't just fade away — they keep on working.

J. Edgar Hoover, director of the

FBI, has this to say about the "old hands":

"The older the FBI agent is in years of service the more his value grows because of his accumulated training and experience. There have been many indications of this from the fact that many of the Bureau's accomplishments have been made possible by our veteran agents. According to recent tabulations, there are 3,629 employees who have served the FBI from ten to forty-three years."

Let's beat back to Special Agent Findlay, who had just closed a door in Los Angeles. When the president of the trucking corporation exclaimed "He's an old bird," he was correct for Special Agent Findlay is no only "past sixty" — he's seventy-two! He is the oldest agent in the FBI in years of service — forty-four years come next August. Findlay became a Special Agent on August 29, 1911, three years after its organization by the Department of Justice Appropriation Act. Findlay had been

an agent for thirteen years before Hoover took over as Director in 1924.

Findlay, Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Laws, Master of Laws, Doctor of Sciences of Jurisprudence, helped kill the notorious "roasting ear" rebellion — an uprising growing out of seditious propaganda spread among Selective Service registrants during World War I. This little-remembered "incident" was actually an armed rebellion against the Government of the United States and could have had grave consequences. Hundreds of inductees in three counties in Oklahoma refused to report to their draft boards, and dared and defied Government officers to "come and get 'em." This was in 1917, at a time when in other sections of the nation prospective draftees were chopping off, or shooting off, toes and trigger fingers.

THE SITUATION in Oklahoma was serious. The rebels gathered arms and made camps in the Oklahoma cornfields. They subsisted on the ears of corn which they stole and roasted — thus the name.

Agent Findlay organized an old-fashioned posse. With other agents, U.S. marshals and special deputies, he participated in the attack on the rebels. County by county they moved in. The rebels threw down their arms and their roasting ears. More than 1,000 were rounded up. Many of the older ones entered pleas of guilty and were sentenced to

terms of imprisonment in the Federal penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas. Those of military age were turned over to the Army.

In 1920, when the "old bird" was a "young bird," Findlay personally conducted one of the most important investigations in Oklahoma-Texas history — a dispute between the two states regarding the border line. Eventually a decision was reached: It was agreed the south bank of the Red River, as it existed in 1819, was the boundary.

The fascinating Findlay is — well, a character for a cloak-and-dagger book. He was a key man in the investigation of the notorious Standard Oil Elk Hill Naval Oil Reservation Case, which resulted in the payment of nine million dollars to the U.S. Treasury by that company, as well as the recovery of the Naval Reservation. Again he was a key man in the investigation of the "Enrique Estrada Case" in which Estrada promoted a movement on American soil to wage war against the Mexican government. He has played a leading role in notorious bank robberies, kidnappings, and internal security cases.

Findlay — "the old bird" — during his forty-three years of service has not been away from his job because of illness for even one day. A Missourian, born in Eldon, May 20, 1882, Findlay and his wife now reside in Glendale, California, where he is presently attached to the Los Angeles Division.

WHILE Findlay is the oldest agent in the FBI in years of service, Special Agent Bliss Morton has him topped on one count: He's been in Government service longer than any other agent in the FBI — 46 years. Born in Dakota Territory in 1884, Morton entered the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service in 1908. When the U.S. was being drawn into World War I, he was one of a number of Immigration inspectors who were temporarily transferred to the FBI. That was on April 1, 1917, and his appointment was later made permanent. Back in the 1930's, when the FBI was warring on gangs and gangsters, Morton was one of the Bureau's most intrepid agents.

At the age of seventy, Morton is currently assigned to the Indianapolis Office and, of Morton, Director Hoover stated that during the past many years, it has been a source of great satisfaction to observe the assiduous spirit in which Morton has adapted himself to each new challenge, thereby demonstrating an attitude of whole-hearted co-operation which has contributed so much to the FBI's accomplishments.

There was a gay party in New York on the last day of last October. There was laughter, back-slapping and talk about "the old days." There was a note of sadness, too, for Special Agent John J. Keating, for whom the party was given, had retired after 32 years and three months of

service. They indulged in reminiscences. There was talk of the machine-gun days of the blazing 1930's, when gangs were running wild and all but running the country; there was talk about the Lindbergh baby kidnapping and the Roger Touhy case because, as an FBI official said: "Agent Keating has participated in some of the Bureau's outstanding cases, among them the kidnapping of the Charles Lindbergh baby. . . . He also helped to bring to justice the Roger Touhy gang."

Keating was born in Ireland on September 26, 1893. He became an agent on August 7, 1922, a few months after his return from Europe, after having served with the famous "Rainbow" and Twenty-seventh Divisions, later becoming an investigator in Europe for the Army. He has served in New York, New Orleans, Oklahoma City, Kansas City, Detroit, Jacksonville and Chicago.

During recent years, Keating specialized in investigating violations of the Interstate Transportation of Stolen Property statute, principally in those cases involving confidence men — and cracked many a hot case.

"We'll miss him," his associates said.

"Mac" sat at his desk. He seemed a bit disconsolate. Maybe a particular investigation involving the internal security of the United States — investigations in which he specialized — was not going as well as he had hoped. Anyway, it was Oc-

October 3, 1949, twenty-five years to the day since he had joined the FBI. His feverie was suddenly in the office. When fellow agents, clerks, stenographers and others piled through his office door with presents and congratulations. And there was a letter from Director Hoover, addressed to Special Agent Joseph P. MacFarland. It read in part:

"I know full well that this success [of the FBI] has resulted largely from the alert and unfaltering efforts of individuals such as yourself who constitute the foundation of this organization. Your sincere loyalty, interest and enthusiasm and unselfish devotion to duty reflect the true FBI spirit without which it could never have succeeded."

MacFarland — "Mac" to his fellow employees — was born April 15, 1900, and received his LL.B. at Suffolk Law School in Boston in 1924, and shortly thereafter became an FBI agent. His first field assignment was at Pittsburgh and he later served in Boston, Philadelphia, Buffalo and New York City, before his assignment to FBI headquarters. He is now assigned to Seattle.

One of the "old birds," MacFarland is extremely popular and is always available for guidance and counsel when questioned by less experienced agents.

October 13, 1954, marked "Mac's" thirtieth anniversary with the FBI.

Maybe this is one for the youngsters, because it does prove one can

grow up to be an FBI agent. It is the story of Special Agent William C. Ryan, who began his employment with the Bureau September 17, 1923 — as a messenger! As he grew older, he was transferred to the Identification Division. While working as a clerical employee, he attended the National University Law School in Washington where he obtained his law degree and on October 3, 1932, realized his highest ambition when he became a Special Agent. He received his training at FBI headquarters and since then has worked in FBI offices at Birmingham, Chicago, Portland, Seattle, Pittsburgh, Charlotte, Huntington and Washington. Since 1946, he has served as a supervisor for squads of less experienced Special Agents.

When Ryan became an agent in 1932, the FBI was embroiled in a war with gangdom. It was the time of the roaring 'thirties when kidnappings were all too common. Ryan worked on many of the Bureau's top cases including the kidnappings of Edward G. Bremer, Charles F. Mattson and George Weyerhaeuser. His experiences made him an expert on kidnapping cases.

On September 17, 1953 — Ryan's thirtieth anniversary with the FBI — Director Hoover, in a letter to Ryan, stated:

"Your tenure of service has spanned a world war and other critical international situations, during which times your conscientious discharge of duty has constituted a val-

uable, unselfish contribution to the problems at hand. In peacetime also, you have assisted the Bureau in waging a vicious war against the forces of lawlessness and crime.

"Bill" Ryan married a former FBI employee, and they now have four children.

Incidentally, Bill has two brothers in the FBI who are Special Agents.

OKLAHOMA was in an uproar in the 'twenties. Beginning with Henry Roan Horse, Osage Indians, one after another, were being murdered for insurance and their "headrights," because oil had been discovered on their lands. Roy St. Lewis, United States District Attorney for Oklahoma (now a noted Washington, D. C. attorney) had obtained one conviction at about the time John V. Murphy took the oath of office as an FBI agent in El Paso, October 8, 1924. He was sent to Oklahoma City.

Agent Murphy soon learned there was a wholesale murder plot to eliminate an entire family. The FBI official also told me: "While assigned to the Oklahoma City office . . . Special Agent Murphy took an active part in the investigation of the Osage Indian murder cases . . . one of the FBI's most important in the 'twenties . . . [The case] required years of difficult, painstaking investigation to successfully prosecute the defendants. Special Agent Murphy has also assisted in the investigation

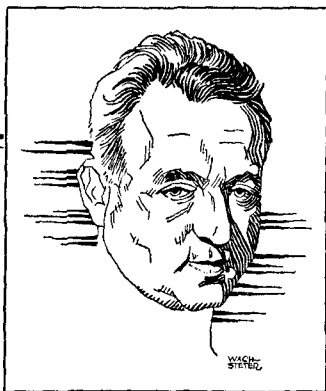
of several major kidnapping cases."

On March 1, 1954, on the occasion of Agent Murphy's thirtieth anniversary as an FBI agent, Director Hoover, in a congratulatory letter, told Murphy: ". . . it is particularly gratifying to have employed like you who have made the most of your lifetime career. To the 'newer blood' of the Bureau you have proved yourself a valuable source of instruction, counsel, encouragement and a stabilizing influence."

At the beginning of World War II, the total personnel of the Bureau was 7,500, of which total there were 2,599 Special Agents. In September, 1954, there were approximately 14,737 employees, including 6,104 Special Agents. The turnover rate in the FBI for all personnel stands at 1.3 per cent and the turnover rate for Special Agent personnel is less than 1 per cent. In contrast, the turnover in Federal Government is 1.9 per cent and in manufacturing and industry, 3.7 per cent.

Director Hoover will tell you that the majority of agents keep right on working, with increasing value to the Government, perhaps seen less often by the general public but still active on tough cases, applying long experience to new situations, acting as mentors to the younger crop of agents and continuously passing on to the new men an invaluable know-how that could not be bought anywhere, at any price.

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By
Eugene Lyons

What Price Moscow Correspondents?

THIS ESSAY proposes to look a gift horse in the mouth. Not an agreeable exercise, but one which, in the circumstances, needs doing. The gift in question is a series of fourteen articles by Mr. Harrison E. Salisbury in the *New York Times* "re-viewing" the Russia he had viewed and reported upon for more than five years as that newspaper's correspondent in Moscow.

The faults of the articles are neither few nor trivial. They show that the author's understanding of the Soviet setup, and in particular of its foreign policy strategy, is still heavily veined with delusions. All the same, the gift is as welcome as it

was unexpected — more exactly, welcome *because* it was unexpected, from a man who had so consistently slanted affairs in the Kremlin's favor.

In its totality the series does present, with considerable literary force, the grim picture of a brutalitarian police state. His section on the Soviet North and Eastern Siberia — the "empire-within-an-empire, the slave state of prison labor and forced-residence workers" ruled by the Secret Police (MVD) — is effective. So is his account of a nation wracked by alcoholism, graft, thievery, juvenile delinquency, crime and corruption on a frightful scale: the chilling portrait of a great people demor-

alized and desolated by 37 years of deprivations and terror.

In a sense, Salisbury has debunked a correspondent who sorely needed debunking, namely Salisbury. One can sympathize with the distress of the *Daily Worker*, which in the past had found him highly comforting and quotable. Now it asks in hurt tones, "Why did Salisbury write one thing from Moscow and the opposite from New York?" and detects the heavy hand of McCarthyism. One can sympathize, even more, with the bewilderment of readers who, in the *Times* letter columns sadly exclaim, "Et, tu, Brutus?"

On the whole, therefore, the effect of the series on American opinion should be beneficial. It is all to the good that the articles are being widely reprinted and quoted. They do strike telling blows at lingering illusions that the Soviet regime, "despite everything," is a noble experiment under its butcheries, barbarism and moral stench.

Yet we cannot evade the questions raised by the spectacle of a reporter for the world's most influential paper, after long years of ambiguities and falsifications, presenting the truth in one big blob. The implications for the integrity of American journalism are disturbing.

Are five and a half years of half-truths and occasional Muscovite propaganda really balanced by two weeks of truth-telling? Does it make logic to tolerate a long period of misinformation for the reward of

some credible information at the finish? Is not the price perhaps excessive? Can the havoc wrought in American public opinion be undone?

IN MY DAY, foreign correspondents in the USSR were sharply distinguished as "friendly" and "unfriendly," meaning those who did or did not play the Soviet game. During the war, the categories came to be referred to more picturesquely as "Kremlin stooges" and "Fascist beasts."

The *Times* representative was, to his last censored story, outstanding in the "friendly" or "Kremlin stooges" division. In commenting on the series, *Time* magazine rightly recalls: "His reports often read more like Red propaganda than accounts of what really was going on inside Russia. Salisbury himself was often accused of being pro-Soviet or a fellow traveler."

Curiously, Salisbury, writing at last in full freedom, never faces up to his immediate past. At no point does he find the courage to say, "My dear readers, I fed you hogwash and I'm sorry." He has no explanation, let alone apology, for the readers whom he grievously misled. He limits himself to a dissertation on censorship, implying that this is the whole answer to the riddle.

The answer is inadequate. The all-important fact about censors, and the saving grace, is that while they can prevent a reporter from sending the truth, they cannot force him to

send untruths. After all, correspondents are equally censored — but not all of them give the impression that they are “pro-Soviet or a fellow traveler.” Censorship can explain sins of omission: it does not hold water as an alibi for sins of commission.

The tougher, more self-respecting correspondents manage to convey a good deal by hints, circumlocutions, intelligent selection of published and therefore largely privileged materials. Under the head of “self-criticism,” revealing facts appear in the Soviet press which an ingenious reporter — provided he is willing to risk the status of “Fascist beast” — can utilize to indicate some significant truths.

In any case, there are no physical compulsions upon the courageous pressmen in a censored country to transmit palpable propaganda. They cannot avoid reporting the official lies, but they can attribute them clearly to the Soviet source and thus avoid adding their own imprimatur. Sins of commission cannot be explained in terms of censorship. They reflect compulsions of a different order.

PEOPLE who have never lived in the strangulating atmosphere of a totalitarian state cannot understand that censorship is not the strongest of the pressures to which foreigners are subjected. More effective, in the long run, are the social and psychological pressures: the de-

sire to belong, to be accepted by the local elite, to enjoy the catnip of conformity and official favor. Power anywhere attracts; total power of the Nazi or Soviet kind intoxicates.

Even in a free capital like London or Washington, the foreign correspondent is tempted to play with the dominant groups, not to brand himself as carping and hostile. In a police state, that temptation is multiplied a hundredfold. Literally everything depends on the good will of the regime: news sources, living space, visas, the right to travel, the safety of the few local citizens whom one may have befriended. A Soviet wife or girl friend, for example, gives the Kremlin infinitely more hold on a newspaperman than all the censorships and prohibitions combined.

It is in the equation of this social and psychological duress and a man's own character that the clues to pro-Sovieting reporters in Moscow are likely to be found. Salisbury's dispatches to the *Times*, from 1949 to 1954, were continually marked by the kind of support for the official line which censors are unable to impose. A few examples should suffice to make my point.

Salisbury, having returned for good from his Moscow assignment, gives a sensational version of the tense days, in March, 1953, of Stalin's illness, death and funeral. He thinks it likely that Stalin was murdered by his closest associates, to save their own lives in an impending

"reign of terror beside which that of the 1930's would have seemed trivial." For three days Moscow was besieged by Beria's special troops. It was touch and go as to who among the leaders would murder whom; ultimately, of course, Beria and a batch of his henchmen were killed off.

Salisbury now declares that he was fully aware of those murderous tensions, that he sensed the crisis even before Stalin expired. He knew that the country was relieved when the "beloved leader" died. Obviously he could not report such things, and no one would blame him for not trying to do so.

The mystery is why he reported the very opposite; why his dispatches built up an impression of a unified and sorrowing nation behind a unified and sorrowing leadership. The contrast between his picture at the time and his picture now is startling. And it is the more remarkable in view of the fact that the Soviet press itself seemed, in March, 1953, hysterical in its appeals for vigilance and more vigilance against "internal enemies"; for loyalty to the Party to head off "disorder and panic."

In a coup out-Galluping Dr. Gallup, Salisbury's dispatch on the Stalin funeral, on March 10, announced: "Mr. Malenkov and his comrades-at-arms appeared to have the support and enthusiasm of Soviet citizens in all walks of life." Which certainly was covering a lot of territory swiftly by a man who, as he

now records, did not have a single Russian friend. He summed up the rites on Red Square—in a city besieged by Beria!—as a "demonstration of national unity and international solidarity of the Communist world." "It seemed," he went on, "as if the government had achieved that 'steel unity and monolithic solidarity' that it called for in the hour of Stalin's death."

As proof, he cited the fact that Chou En-lai and other top foreign leaders were at the funeral. As if any of the satraps would have dared absent himself! Speculation abroad about a possible rift in the hierarchy, he attested, "seemed far-fetched." Witness the fact that every Moscow newspaper published pictures of the leaders "standing together at Stalin's bier" and that "they stood together at the tomb today."

In cabling such egregious nonsense, Salisbury was not exactly flattering the intelligence of either his readers or editors, especially when he knew that the leaders were plotting mutual murder in self-defense. That amazing performance can hardly be blamed on the censors. In fact, one wishes there had been some common-sense censorship at the New York receiving end.

ONLY a few months before his return, Salisbury traveled 12,000 miles through the nightmare world of slave labor, writing a series of on-the-spot dispatches. They conceded backwardness and difficulties,

out gave an over-all impression of a busy, dynamic, thriving region. The *Daily Worker* applauded.

He declared himself enthusiastic, in particular, about the construction under way in the Soviet North and East. Retarded Asian peoples, he said, would be immensely influenced by the spectacle of fine buildings and industrial progress. A pictorial layout on Yakutsk published in the *Times* as a by-product of the trip stated that "the correspondent was particularly impressed by the city's cultural institutions," its "excellent" schools, and so on.

Again the contrast provided by this series is startling. What really impressed him most, he now writes, was "the fact that every construction job he saw was being carried on by prison labor." He was shaken to his depths by the slave system, the pervasive wretchedness, drunkenness and brutality. And again one must ask what in the world had induced him to write the half-truths — which under the circumstances were worse than falsification — so convincingly and lyrically?

Surely he realized that if backward Asians found out about those fine buildings they would also find out that they were erected by slaves at bayonet point. Salisbury now writes with some passion about "the grim and horrible apparatus of the IVD." How explain the saint-like patience with which he repressed his feelings during so many years, to the point of rhapsodizing over the

material products of the horrible apparatus?

A final sampling. In October, 1950, Salisbury, having returned to Moscow from an American holiday, looked around and produced a series of dispatches about the mood of the regime and its subjects. They were characterized by *Time* as a "piece of Communist propaganda in the capitalist press" of great value to the *Daily Worker*, which, indeed, reprinted portions with glowing praise.

He purported to tell his customers what "the ordinary Russian" and "the Russians" believed, hoped, viewed, etc. on a variety of subjects, including Soviet and U. S. foreign policies. His findings were as explicit as if he had sampled the 200 millions in the vastness of the USSR and double-checked the samples.

WHAT the Russians believed, it turned out in his reports, coincided 100 per cent with the official Kremlin line! The best commentary on that series of October, 1950, is provided by the series of October, 1954. Far from believing what the Kremlin feeds him, Salisbury now shows, the ordinary Russian is a skeptic. He has been fooled too often in the past. While foreigners were impressed with the "new look" after Stalin's demise, he writes, the Soviet people have a "kind of Missouri show-me attitude and even an apathy toward the government's experimentation with greater freedom."

The value of the Salisbury gift, as

I hinted at the outset, should not be over-estimated. Where he reports personal observations, as in his Siberian journey, the articles are impressive. Where he assays the larger political scene, he shows himself superficial and lacking in historical perspective.

Salisbury goes whole-hog on the "new look," on the Kremlin's "reforms" since Stalin. True, he protects himself by warning that the "ultimate, long-term objectives of the Soviet Union remain the same," and cautioning against the supposition "that an era of sweetness and light has suddenly descended upon Communist Russia."

Nevertheless, he plays up to the point of exaggeration the minor concessions, promises of more consumer goods, gestures of appeasement to the peasantry, greater official affability in dealing with foreigners. He assumes that this will last, if not forever, for a long time.

Accordingly he indicates that the world, and especially the United States, should take almost at face value the Soviet talk of "peaceful coexistence." As Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. approvingly summed up the Salisbury thesis: "In essence, the argument suggests, we are combating the Russia of Malenkov with the methods developed to combat the Russia of Stalin . . . The error of current U. S. policy is to believe in strength and not in negotiation."

This, of course, is what Moscow wants us to believe. The uncensored

Salisbury, by naïvely accepting the thesis, gives aid and comfort to the Bevans, Attlees, Nehrus and assorted neutralists. Had he done his homework on Soviet history and Communist ideology, he would have been less ready to swallow the "new look." He would have recalled that it is an old gambit, frankly described in Soviet literature as a tactic to divide enemies and cause them to drop their guard.

Salisbury seems strangely unaware that even under Stalin there were intervals of relative moderation. In the mid-'thirties, for instance, a new Constitution was launched, the terror was a bit relaxed, and "united fronts" flourished abroad. Then, as now, wishful thinking on the score of a real and enduring change in the Kremlin's temper and methods proliferated. The "new look" was dissolved in the 1936-38 blood purges and the Stalin-Hitler alliance.

THE PERIODIC delusions that the Red monster was going tame rest on the fallacy that the Soviet leaders are free agents who could, if they so wished, provide what Salisbury naïvely calls "greater freedoms" and in general "liberalize" their rule. Actually, they are prisoners of the Soviet system. Genuine reform, they know, would court an explosion of the pent-up hatreds all around them. Short of committing suicide as a ruling minority, they are condemned to continue terror at home and mischief abroad.

Already the piffling concessions made by Malenkov and Company are being withdrawn, one after another. New purges are under way. Salisbury, for instance, makes a point of the new look in the arts: "Writers have even begun to experiment in new forms." Yet he should have known that months before he left Moscow, the screws were again being put on writers.

Several novelists have been liquidated for having taken those "greater freedoms" seriously. The official magazine, *Party Life*, once more commands "a Party attitude to literature" rather than "subjective criteria of sincerity"; it again orders more "socialist realism" and denounces "bourgeois objectivism." For writers, the brief holiday is over, and a new round of confessions and liquidations is ahead.

The same pattern can be expected right through Soviet life. In the outside world, the Kremlin has blunted none of its revolutionary instruments, disbanded none of its Red guerrilla formations, repudiated none of its Communist goals. Salisbury does his readers yet another disservice by falling for an old, almost routine Moscow device for befuddling the free world. One is accustomed to such shallowness from ill-informed liberals, including statesmen, but not from a seasoned Moscow correspondent.

He is no less superficial in assuming that "collective leadership" is

new and has come to stay. The leadership is not very collective, being shared by just three men: Malenkov, Khrushchev and Molotov. The triumvirate has through history been the classic compromise before one man eliminates the other two. It was a triumvirate — Stalin, Zinoviev and Kamenev — that ruled collectively after the passing of Lenin. The one certainty is that the deadly struggle for power continues behind the scenes. The murder of Beria was the beginning, not the end, of a process.

ON BALANCE, I repeat, the Salisbury series is welcome. Over and above its positive contributions, it unwittingly serves as a warning against putting excessive faith in pro-Soviet stories under Soviet date-lines. We must hope, in addition, that it will induce the American press to re-examine the question: What price Moscow correspondents? The mischief done by a Salisbury year after year, whatever the excuse, is a challenge to its journalistic conscience.

At the very least, the press must exercise extreme care in the choice of reporters for the Soviet sphere, in the acute awareness that the assignment requires not only competence but character. The apparent theory of the New York *Times* — that any correspondent is better than none — has been proved false and dangerous again and again.

Try This FOR A DAY



By Ray W. Sherman



WOULD you like to find out how good an automobile driver you are? Okay. Do this. Drive all day without blowing your horn.

Can't be done? Oh yes it can. Thousands do it—and have no accidents.

There are times one should blow a horn, but they are few. On those occasions, good drivers touch the button. Seldom otherwise.

You're coming to a neighborhood corner. Do you blow your horn? Why? What good will it do? What if the driver coming up the cross street also blows *his* horn? What happens?

Down the street you see a car trying to turn around. What is the purpose in blowing your horn? Do you think you have the right of way? Better look up the law.

Up ahead a car is backing out of a driveway. What good does it do to blow your horn?

A pedestrian is crossing the street a block ahead. What does a blast of your horn mean? If there are no traffic lights, hasn't he the right of way in your town?

The light goes green and you

blow at the car in front of you. What have you accomplished?

A car ahead signals for a left turn and you blow at it. What is that supposed to mean?

Do you blow your horn a lot because you haven't confidence in your driving? Think that one over.

If you blow merely from impatience, how long do you think it will be before you have an accident?

But then—what does one do if he *doesn't* blow his horn? If you don't know the answers, maybe you aren't as good as you think you are.

Briefly, you should be able to stop if anything you blow at doesn't get out of the way, and generally when you get to where you might have to stop, you will be seen and can go ahead in a leisurely manner.

Don't make a fetish of *not* blowing your horn nor let horn blowing become a habit.

If you become a non-horn-blower you will have added to your driving skill. Why? Because you'll be depending on your handling of your own car and not on what you hope somebody else will do.

If you doubt it, try it for a day

The Critter

WITH THE CURIOUS PAST



By Myron Sutton

NORTH AMERICANS have for decades boasted of their native hoofed animals — deer, caribou, moose, bison — but the astounding fact is that none of these is native even to the Western Hemisphere.

Nonsense? Not in the slightest. As a matter of fact, only one hoofed beast roaming our plains today can really and truly lay claim to being indigenous. That is the pronghorn.

This is a somewhat fastidious bit of nomenclature. No self-respecting pronghorn would be seen associating with (of all things) an antelope, yet he must year in, year out suffer the injustice of being called one. In truth, the pronghorn is no more an antelope than is Francis the mule.

Actually, honest-to-goodness antelopes do not occur in North America at all. The blackbuck of India is technically the world's only true antelope, but a great many closely related cousins roam about Africa, Asia and Europe. Antelopes belong to the cattle family, and their closest American relative is the mountain goat (which is not a goat either, but that's another story).

The pronghorn has never strayed to the Old World. It is a real American. Deer, wapiti, moose and similar quadrupeds developed on other continents and migrated to North America centuries ago.

Paleontologists are not yet entirely sure about the pronghorn's past. They are confident, however, that it developed in the Miocene period twelve million years ago. What bony remains they are able to glean from prehistoric gravels show that the animal evolved through a glittering array of horn shapes. The horns have not always been merely pronged. They have been either plain, bifurcated, forked, tined, bent, warped, twisted or multi-tipped. No one knows why. This long development lends considerable curiosity to the pronghorn's family history, and geologists are still poking around in likely localities for new clues to the mystery of the unusual horn shapes.

PRONGHORNS once roamed the great plains in untold millions, outnumbering even the incredible

bison (buffalo) herds. With the advent of the white man, they were wiped out until only a few thousand remained. Far-sighted conservationists clamped a ban on their slaughter in the nick of time and pronghorns have come back slowly to a population of about a quarter million.

They range in isolated herds from Canada's western plains south into Baja California and Mexico, and laterally from Nebraska to the Sacramento Valley. Today's sharp-eyed motorist, traveling the plateau country, may catch sight of a herd of them if his luck is good — and what a sight it is!

The pronghorn has not only magnificent stature and an interesting past, but is a curiosity itself. It is the only animal in the world with forked horns. Deer antlers are forked, true enough, but they are solid bone, not horn. Furthermore, the pronghorn is the only animal in the world which sheds its horns annually. (Cattle and goats keep theirs for life.)

The pronghorn has a straight, hollow, unbranched horn core that is not, by itself, a very impressive head ornament. But it is permanent. Each year there grows around it a temporary matted hair sheath that blossoms out into the double-ended pronged horn.

Gregarious pronghorns spend most of their time in groups of half a dozen or more. When danger threatens, each pronghorn silently flashes the news to his cautious

brethren for miles around. The equipment for such long-distance television is a set of fluffy white rump patches, startlingly brilliant even at great distances. Special muscles contract on alarm and cause these white hairs to become erect, thus signalling a time of caution. For nearby dunces who may not have the good sense to be looking in the right direction, the alarmed pronghorn also sends out a musk smell that travels several hundred yards. This double warning system rallies the band together and as a unit they speed off seeking safer ground.

How fast? No one seems to know.

The pronghorn is one of the swiftest animals in the world (second only to India's cheetah) and has been known to reach a speed of sixty miles an hour. It prefers to go through rather than over obstacles in its path and can rocket through the best-built fences, wires no more than a foot apart, without slowing up. Try it sometime.

There is something personal about a pronghorn. It is as American as the mountains and canyons of the great West and the prairies on which it roams.

Thanks to wildlife conservationists, this graceful citizen of the plains and plateau country will be around for a long time to come. Meanwhile, persistent fossil experts intend to go right on digging for new clues to the curious past of the amazing pronghorn.



Let Us Safeguard
AMERICA
first

BY SENATOR WILLIAM E. JENNER

(From a speech in the United States Senate, August 13, 1954)

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE have for generations lived out their lives in freedom, hope, generosity, and confidence in the future. Our ancestors, who fought in the War of Independence and devised the Constitution, built up a great political capital fund, on which we have been drawing, generation after generation, to enjoy a freedom and happiness we had not earned. We have lived over a century on the unearned increment of this political capital which other men had broken their hearts to win for us.

It may be that Americans now living will never again see that happy world of freedom, of trust in

human decency, and of confidence that, if one did his best, he would be allowed to enjoy the fruits of his labor, and his children would begin life higher up the ladder of success than he had begun it.

It may be that the course of American history has been turned for a long period ahead, from the happy valleys and the sunlit streams sheltered by the constitutional wall, which used to keep out evil-doers. It may be that for years to come we shall have to find our way over a rocky unmarked course, climbing higher and higher, amid encircling gloom toward cold and barren summits which we cannot even see. It

may be that, like the Hebrew children, we shall have to march as a nation through desert and swamp and enemy attack, with the promised land only a gleam of hope on the far horizon.

It may be that is the only road the American people can take if they are to be true to their great inheritance and their great destiny.

I say the American people will follow any course, however dark and hard, if it will preserve, for them and the world, the great experiment in liberty under law which is their legacy from earlier generations of Americans.

The American people ask one thing — the truth. They will find their way over any obstacles, through any fog, against any foe, foreign or domestic, if they have the truth. I do not believe our people can ever find the answers to their present problems, if their officials feed them a diet of lies.

I am talking about the so-called peace agreement in Indochina.

I do not believe this is the time when we should minimize the defeat which has been suffered by the United States.

The Geneva agreement is not a local defeat in Indochina. It is a defeat in grand strategy, in our ability to plan and execute a defense and counterattack against the new barbarian invasions.

The Geneva agreement touches the very survival of our Nation and its civilization, here at home.

Under Secretary Bedell Smith says we have agreed not to upset the Geneva agreement by force. What does that mean? It means that we have agreed to give no military help to the rest of Indochina. The Red Chinese have told Laos and Cambodia that they may have French military advisers or British military advisers. But American military advisers? "Oh, no," says Chou En-lai. And we say nothing.

Under U.N., we can give no military help to Thailand which might upset the Geneva agreement.

We are bound, hand and foot, to put no military aid into the states on the Communist frontier in south-east Asia. We cannot lift a finger to give military help to the little countries the Communists plan to devour next.

LET US be honest with ourselves. That means the United States is guaranteeing Communist conquests, whatever double-talk we may hear. That means Locarno, however carefully the spokesmen at Geneva avoid the name for cynical recognition of conquests past. We are already committed to guaranty of the status quo, with the status quo fixed wherever the Communists decide to put it.

Why have the Soviet master planners won three victories in Asia in ten years? Just ten years ago in the midst of World War II, Stalin gave orders to turn against Chiang Kai-shek. He was obeying Lenin's axiom

that the Communists must, at the first opportunity, turn imperialist war into world civil war. From that small beginning, just ten years ago, the Communists swept on, until they had possession of mainland China, of 500 million people, a third of the earth and nation after nation.

In June, 1950, the Communists struck again. Armed hordes of North Koreans swept across the 38th parallel to attack the peaceful people of Korea. A year later, when defeat seemed inevitable, the Communists turned to guile and won for themselves another long-drawn-out peace conference ending in a settlement on their own terms.

The conquest of Indochina has been underway since Moscow sent Communist-trained Ho Chih Minh to China in 1925, to work with Borodin. It has been a predictable certainty since the Communists reached south China. A few months ago the Reds decided the time had come for the all-out offensive to win the nation they had thoroughly softened up. They induced the Western allies to hold a Big Powers conference in Berlin, so the whole wide world could watch the kill.

What was the United States doing while the Soviet Union and its captive satellites were swallowing Asia?

After World War II, our promised help to Free China was neutralized by the power of a small clique within the American Government and in the press, which engaged us in a series of futile negotiations to es-

tablish peaceful coexistence between the Nationalist Government and the Red armies in China. We are hearing the same claptrap again today, peaceful coexistence.

During the Korean war, the military strength of the United States was neutralized because the same small clique, within the State Department and the press, bogged us down in futile negotiations over terms for peaceful coexistence between Free Korea and Red China.

In January, 1953, a new administration took over, pledged to put an end to the rule of this small clique which had so successfully neutralized the military power of the United States in Asia as in Europe, and had twice thrown away costly victories won by our fighting men. President Eisenhower approved the signing of an armistice in Korea, with the pledge that there would be no more concessions to Communist brutality.

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER took two most important steps to protect American military security. He rescinded the infamous order, drafted by this pro-Communist clique, ordering the United States Navy to protect the Red China coast, at the very moment the Reds were killing our young men. That order had effectively stopped Chiang Kai-shek's blockade and cost us untold lives.

President Eisenhower also assisted the retirement of the Joint Chiefs of Staff who had served in this time of

betrayal, and appointed new and very able Joint Chiefs of Staff, under the chairmanship of Admiral Radford.

The cease-fire in Korea presented the opportunity to strengthen the military and strategic position of the non-Communist nations of Asia in preparation for the next assault. The armed might of Red China operated, in the west Pacific, from Manchuria to Vietnam. The only possible answer for the unconquered nations was to dispose their force in one unified strategy, from the borders of Korea to the farthest ends of Southeast Asia and Australia. That would be the clear warning that freemen in Asia could and would meet any attack by the Red Chinese at any point at any time.

A grand strategy for the Pacific meant recruiting and training the largest possible number of fighting men in the Republic of Korea, in Nationalist China, and in the nations of southeast Asia which wanted to remain free. It meant also equipping the fighting forces of these little nations exposed to Red attack, on the frontier of the world struggle between freedom and slavery. They needed and deserved the best guns, tanks, ships, submarines, airplanes, and other war material which could be made.

I have said again and again that only Asians can win freedom for Asia. Asia does not want or need our manpower. I have also said again and again that it fits our self-interest,

as it fits our moral code, to make sure that the armies of free Asia shall fight with the very best equipment the free world can provide.

If that analysis is correct — and I do not see any other choice — the United States should have been engaged with the greatest possible energy since January 21, 1953, in training and equipping the fighting men of Free Korea, Free China, and Free Indochina, with the finest training, equipment, and supplies which our industries could supply.

THIS is what General Van Fleet has referred to as packages of ten divisions or so of fully trained and fully equipped fighting forces in all the small but valiant nations on the borders of Red China. If this policy had been followed, Communist China would have been confronted with the threat of active, well-trained, Asian forces from the borders of Siberia to the rice fields of Indochina, working in close cooperation with the courageous independent nations of South Asia, the Near East, and Europe.

This simple commonsense preparation would have meant that the moment the Red Chinese dared to move equipment or men across their borders to attack the peaceful people of Vietnam, they would face instant counterattack by the armed forces of Free Korea, Free China, Indochina, and perhaps the Philippines and Japan. Probably the Reds would not have started a new inva-

sion. If they did, the battleground would have been on their territory, not in the free countries.

I am certain, with no mental reservations whatever, that President Eisenhower, Secretary of Defense Wilson, Admiral Radford, and the other Joint Chiefs, had every intention of supporting the Korean cease-fire agreement with every means within their power.

I believe I have found the way by which American defense officials were prevented from helping the free people of Asia.

It is the internationalist collectivist lawyers who have neutralized American military power and made our promises ridiculous before the world. It is difficult for us to believe that that vast aggregation of tangible power called the American Military Establishment — and we give it billions of dollars every year — may be led by the ablest men, may be equipped with vast funds, may have huge numbers of trained fighters, may be fully committed to holding back the Communist threat, and yet be reduced to impotence by the thin, silken meshes of the law.

Our military victory in the Korean phase of the war for Asia was compromised by U.N. to the great disadvantage of the United States. The political phase of the Korean struggle also was settled in Berlin to the great disadvantage of the United States. Though the U.N. was not ostensibly involved, we all know that the inner circle which

makes U.N. policy made the policies in Berlin and Geneva.

The attack on Indochina was settled to our great disadvantage at Geneva when the American policy of strengthening the free nations of Asia was replaced by an agreement to divide Vietnam and turn over, to Communist masters, without their consent, another 12 million tragic victims of political chicanery, and to give to the Red Chinese most of the industries, mines, and forests of Vietnam, and a beachhead deeper into the last outpost of Asia facing toward the West.

IT WAS the leftwing collectivist elite in our Government which learned how to manipulate the levers of Government in the thirties, which grew to global dimensions in the war, and which consolidated its power in a legal spider web of treaties, executive agreements, conferences, and directives, in preparation for permanent control of our post-war policies.

Dean Acheson completed the legal maze. With the help of Alger Hiss, Philip Jessup, and others, he coordinated all the powers his predecessors had discovered. In addition he devised a perfect maze of boards and commissions high up in the government stratosphere, above the Cabinet, where decisions on military and political policy could be made by his men without interference by Congress.

We have not yet found out who

took over the vast surpluses of war materiel in 1945, worth many billions of dollars, and smashed them, or threw them into the sea, so they could not be given to Free China, or any country the Communists were planning to attack.

We have not yet traced the forces which broke up our great military establishment in Europe and the Pacific in 1945, though we knew the Communist maritime unions, and the hidden Communists in the Armed Forces, played a part in it.

There are other things I do not like, such as the enormous appropriations which give us a fat distended defense system, where we need a lean and muscular one. Nor do I like the curious swings in defense appropriations. I do not like the way Secretary of Defense Forrestal was harassed into an early grave, because he knew how to stop Communism. I do not like the way Secretary Johnson was forced out of office during the worst of the Korean War by a newspaper cabal acting to suit Secretary of State Acheson.

Most important of all, I do not like the precedent set by President Truman's accepting appointment as U.N.'s military representative for the war in Korea. Congress does not want to find out, in some later crisis, that the American President has acquired a precedent for absolute power the Constitution was designed to forbid.

In short I see disturbing indications that our Armed Forces have

been subjected to a carefully planned Communist campaign, working through many channels, to weaken our military strength so far as it could be done without detection, and to separate it as far as possible from Congress.

FOR NEARLY 20 years, a few of our Government servants have been secretly trying to become our masters. First they scattered welfare largesse far and wide, then they learned to enjoy the thrill of vast war operations, and finally to construct a system of legal bars and booby traps.

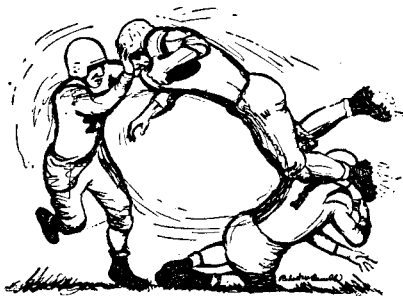
Geneva is their monument. We must sink slowly down to the defeat they planned for us, or rise up and walk.

Let us make the blackness of Geneva the dark before the dawn. Let us say to the sorrowful people of Vietnam and all the other people now in the shadow of the Communist assault, that never again will America consent to see an innocent person subdued to slavery.

We must free ourselves first.

We must never again let our strength be bound, like Gulliver, by bonds fastened on us by little people who love power. If we free ourselves, I am confident the Communist barbarian invasion will stop and then recede, to be scattered, like the legions of Attila or Genghis Khan, to the four winds, as the free people of the world see ahead the light of hope.

The Big 10 Is Not That Good!



By George H. Allen

Head Coach, Whittier College, California

SEVEN out of eight New Year's afternoons, down-trodden Pacific Coast football rooters have glumly left Pasadena's Rose Bowl after having witnessed Big Ten elevens, with monotonous regularity, humble their once-feared West Coast champions.

Things have gotten so out of hand that no less a personage than Paul Zimmerman, sports editor of the Los Angeles *Times*, has been caused to suggest: "The best thing the Pacific Coast Conference can do is tear up the Big Ten's contract."

But believe us, the Big Ten is not that good!

Big Ten football may be superior to that in most regions, but it isn't all-conquering. In the eight years of the Rose Bowl alliance between the Pacific Coast Conference and the

Big Ten, Associated Press national ratings four times have ranked the West Coast representative ahead of the Big Ten contender. And in four Bowl games, Pacific Coast champs have seemed headed for victory, only to stub their toes.

Why? There seem several reasons for Big Ten triumphs: population; climate; environment; not to mention those unpredictable elements of any sporting event called "breaks."

The Western Conference, better known as the Big Ten, has a distinct population advantage. The ten Mid-west universities eligible for the Tournament of Roses are spread over seven states of fair to large population. (Newcomer Michigan State, the tenth league member, did not become a full-fledged competitor until last year.) Enough football

players come out of high schools in the Chicago area alone each year to supply several college squads.

Naturally, not all top-notch athletes in the Upper Mississippi and Ohio Valleys go to Big Ten universities. Not when Notre Dame is close by. Nor when coaches from all over the nation each winter and spring clamor for audiences with much-sought prep prospects in Detroit and Chicago and Cleveland. We know; we've been there.

Even so, the Big Ten usually skims off the cream. Sure, Dick Kazmaier of Princeton, the nation's outstanding football player two seasons ago, is from Maumee, Ohio, and Zeke Bratowski of Georgia, possibly the finest T-formation quarterback in the Southeastern Conference, hails from Danville, Illinois. But how much more common it is for standouts like Alan Ameche of Wisconsin, Paul Giel of Minnesota, Bill Tate of Illinois, Ray Huizinga of Northwestern, and Lowell Perry of Michigan to choose homestate schools. Tate was judged "player of the year" for his 1952 Rose Bowl performance.

ON THE other hand, the eight Pacific Coast colleges principally draw students from eight Northwest states.

California, with more than ten-and-a-half million residents, ranks ahead of any Midwestern state population-wise. But Washington and Oregon, except for major cities like

Seattle and Portland, are sparsely settled. The smallest Big Ten state — Iowa — is bigger numerically than either of these two. Consequently, the four California schools lose potential stars who show up on the rosters of the four Northwest schools. Thus, Hugh McElhenny, a Los Angeles youngster, became an All-American halfback at the University of Washington.

Enrollments of Big Ten universities range from Iowa's near 11,000 to Minnesota's more than 28,000. Other goliaths — all over 22,000 — are Michigan, Ohio State and Illinois. They produce gridiron giants, too. Only the University of California, a three-time Pacific Coast champion in recent years, has a comparable student body. Enrollments at other Coast Conference schools thin down to about 6,500.

Although Southern Californians rave about their climate, it isn't conducive to football.

In the Midwest, September is warm, but the weather turns cooler in October and November, the main months for the grid sport. This produces a slower start for football players in training, but, as the season progresses, the crisp temperatures are ideal for football. Big Ten results show how the athletes toughen.

On the West Coast, however, the climate remains warm. Teams are in better shape and play excellent football early in the season — one reason why Far West elevens are formidable against other regions in early au-

turn. But they tend to taper off in November, whereas Midwestern outfits seem to gain strength.

This is an important factor in Rose Bowl results. Two years in a row, the California Golden Bears early in the season cuffed Western Conference opponents like angry Kodiaks, only to become as helpless as Teddy Bears in the Tournament of Roses. Spring-like winter weather spoiled them.

Environment also works against West Coast athletes. It distracts them. Too many refinements, too many luxuries, too many places to go, too many things to do. Why work — and college football is as much work as play — when the desert, the beaches, the mountains beckon?

We are not contending a football player must devote all his time and energy to the sport, but big-time football is exacting in its demands. Experience in coaching at the University of Michigan, observation on practice fields in the East, Midwest, South and Far West, and association with coaches have taught us that.

THE WONDERFUL weather on the Pacific Coast makes a big difference in the attitudes of athletes there and in the Midwest. On the Coast, boys have year-round opportunities to loll in the sun or take life easy at a nearby beach or resort. It softens them physically and mentally.

In contrast, playgrounds of these types are not so plentiful or so handy

in the Middle West. The pace of living differs, too. Time and distance do not seem so important, for instance, to Southern Californians.

It all adds up to too much of a good thing, except when it comes to victories in the Rose Bowl. This hits Far West partisans where it hurts worst: pride in everything out that way. It needn't.

Climate should be in favor of the West Coast team in the Rose Bowl. It's what they are used to. It should be good for body building.

Personal observation indicates that collegians who play football on the West Coast are taller and heavier on the average than those in the Western Conference. They appear faster, too. Football players don't come any better than John Olszewski, the human block-buster from California; or Don Heinrich, Washington's great passer; or Ed Barker, the national pass-catching champion from Washington State; or Oregon State's durable fullback, Sam Baker; or Donn Moomaw, U.C.L.A.'s great linebacker; or Paul Cameron of U.C.L.A. and Stanford's Bob Garrett, two 1953 All-Americans.

Far West elevens on a whole are as well coached as the Big Ten's. In fact, young Chuck Taylor of Stanford was selected as the "coach of the year" in 1951 for leading the Indians to their first conference championship in more than a decade.

The Big Ten has dominated the Rose Bowl competition, but statistically the two conferences are about

on a par. Aside from 1948, Western Conference elevens have not enjoyed exceptional success against Pacific Coast units during regular season play. In 1952, the West Coast held an edge. Only Illinois was able to score victories, twice during the season and again in the Rose Bowl. Again in 1953, the P.C.C. held its ground with Big Ten foes.

EVEN in its darkest years, the Pacific Coast Conference has been able to get in its licks against the Big Ten. Back in 1948, Rose Bowl-bound California quashed Wisconsin 40 to 7 and rubbed it in with a 35 to 20 triumph the following year.

Pappy Waldorf still chuckles over how his star end, John Cunningham, shattered Wisconsin's running attack.

"The second the ball was snapped, I smashed into the Badger backfield," Cunningham explained afterward with a straight face. "I grabbed a handful of backs. I tossed them off, one by one, till I came to the guy with the ball."

"Then?" asked Waldorf.

"Then," grinned Cunningham, "I kept him!"

There is no reason why a Pacific Coast team can't fare as well in the Tournament of Roses.

During the 'thirties, the late Howard Jones molded great teams year after year at Southern California. Five times his Trojan le-

gions marched into the Rose Bowl; five times they returned victorious to the nearby U.S.C. campus.

It is a record unexcelled in the long history of this holiday classic. It exemplifies the might the Pacific Coast Conference once possessed but somehow has lost in the post-war seasons. Only Jess Hill's University of Southern California Trojans have managed a lone victory for the P.C.C.

In the last seven years, Western Conference football teams have seemed better prepared for Rose Bowl encounter, both mentally and physically. Big Ten elevens, instead of being travel weary and upset by the climate, have spawned a determination to keep intact the amazing string of victories compiled by the Western Conference.

"It's a long trip to make for nothing," Bennie Oosterbaan, Michigan mentor, explained a couple of years ago. "Our best game of the year," enthused Ray Eliot, coach of the 1953 triumphant Fighting Illini. These remarks typify the Big Ten's unbounded spirit.

But Far West coaches remain confident. Last fall, Red Sanders of U.C.L.A. promised: "No one will be embarrassed by the football played in the conference this year." His statement was true to the core.

The tide of the Pacific Coast Conference's fortunes are certain to resurge. Its Rose Bowl representative is apt to explode this January 1.





LETTER FROM AN AMERICAN



A prominent New York attorney recently wrote his young officer son, serving in Japan, a letter intimating that some of his friends in authority might be able to expedite the youngster's return.

Following is the boy's reply. The AMERICAN MERCURY is of the opinion that it is one of the most inspiring pieces of writing to come into the shop in a long time.

Dear Dad:

As much as I'd like to come home as soon as possible, I'd prefer that you refrain from doing anything on your end. I feel this way about it — I chose the Army as a career and when I did that I chose to go where they send me for as long as they leave me there. I guess you might say "for better or worse" like in the wedding ceremony, and this long tour, though it isn't one of the worst things that could happen to me, isn't one of the best.

This hasn't changed my feelings about the Army, either. I still like it. It is just the same as civilian life in the respect that it isn't always a smooth road. There are some hard spots in it and I guess this is one.

Maybe I'm an idealist in some ways. I don't want you to think I'm turning into a braggart now, but I honestly feel that I could be of more use to, shall we say, society — I think you know what I mean — by being a professional soldier. I feel I have the ability to be a good soldier and be of more value there than anywhere else. I feel that the Army needs more men of my upbringing, education, ability and the like in it. And maybe my being in it will help it just a little bit.

If I can do a good job, serve my country well and just even do a little bit to make it a better place — and I feel I can do it best as a soldier — I'll be a success in life.

I know I'll never make much money nor have the same stable

home life in one place as I did as a child, nor many of the other things that civilian life offers, but yet all those things are not absolutely necessary. To me what is necessary is to have a sense of accomplishment, of doing the job you're best fitted for and feeling you have done the job as well as you can. Then you will be happy and be a success, and, of course, doing it right in the eyes of God and our fellows.

WHAT I've just said might sound a bit on the corny side, but that is the way I really feel. I feel I'm best fitted for this life and can do a better job here than anywhere else. And since I've chosen this way of life, I'd like to play it the way the rules are written, with no short cuts.

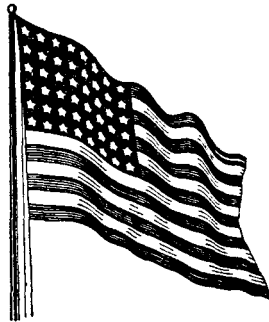
Maybe if I ever get up where the

rules are written and get a hand in it, I'll make some changes, but the people doing it know more about it than I do with their years of experience and training. Maybe for economy and other reasons it is necessary to keep the single men over here this long. It seems to me to be about a year too long, especially over here — but those are the breaks of the game.

I hope you understand how I feel about the whole deal now. Not that I don't appreciate your thoughtfulness in trying to help me but I'd rather do it this way, even though I'd jump for joy if they changed the regulations tomorrow. I do miss being home and I've seen enough of the Far East to suit my taste.

Love,

ANON.





Justin Morgan

Vermont Horse Hero

By HARLAND MANCHESTER

THERE are in America some twenty breeds of horses, but in the Green Mountain country only two breeds are recognized: Morgans and "other horses." The Morgan, as all Vermonters know, can outpull, outwalk, outlast and out-think any hunk of horseflesh on earth. He is gentle as a kitten, sure-footed as a mountain goat, hardy as a bronco. And as for looks, the most magnificent spectacle on the terrestrial ball is a proud young Morgan, head high, eyes flashing, sleek coat shining, trotting down a Vermont dirt road.

There is every reason why the Morgan should be a great horse.

The only breed on earth descended from a single sire, all Morgans carry the powerful genes of Justin Morgan, the equine Paul Bunyan of Randolph, Vermont. Every Morgan alive is a reincarnation of that game little stallion who stands with Ethan Allen and Mount Mansfield as one of Vermont's proudest monuments. The tireless tribe which sprang from his loins pitched in to build America, clearing land, hauling covered wagons, fighting battles and coralling cattle. Now that gasoline has taken over, they have become America's best-loved recreation horses.

Justin Morgan was a bold, chunky

little horse about 14 hands high, weight about 950 pounds, who plowed fields, hauled logs, took the ladies to meeting and raced the shoes off any horse in the countryside on Saturday nights.

His story begins with a man named Justin Morgan, a frail, itinerant teacher of penmanship and singing who was town clerk of Randolph. In 1791 his wife died, leaving him deeply in debt, with five children to care for. A farmer of West Springfield, Massachusetts, owed him money, and he made the tedious trip to collect it. To Morgan's great disappointment, the man had no money, but offered him a serviceable three-year-old gelding in lieu of payment. In the pasture with the gelding was his inseparable companion, a two-year-old bay stud colt, origin unknown, with black mane and tail, a deep chest and a strong, short back. The farmer threw him in for good measure.

MAKING the best of what seemed a bad bargain, Morgan led the gelding back home, while the colt tagged along toward his great destiny. Later when he became famous, people called him "the Justin Morgan horse," and this was shortened in time to Justin Morgan.

Mr. Morgan rode the gelding on his teaching circuit, and broke the colt to harness, planning to sell him to reduce his debts. Fall came and Morgan had no hay to winter him, so he rented him for a year for \$15 to

a neighbor, Robert Evans, who had a contract to clear some timbered land. With only the half-grown colt for a "team," Evans' outlook was dubious, but when he hooked the chain around the first log and spoke to Justin, the colt threw his shoulders into the collar, dug in his feet and snaked the log to the skidway like a veteran. Soon Evans was boasting at the village tavern that the Justin Morgan colt could outdraw any horse he ever saw.

One night Evans rode Justin to the tavern hitching rail after a day's work in the woods and found that a match had been held in which even 1200-pound horses had been unable to pull a big pine log ten rods to the sawmill. Evans bet a gallon of rum that his colt could do it in three pulls. Then he said he was ashamed to hitch Justin to such a little log, and asked three spectators to get on and ride. The three "least able to stand," according to the chronicler, mounted the log. Justin made it in two pulls.

A few days later the beaten parties picked a fast horse and tried to retrieve the gallon of rum by challenging Evans to a quarter-mile race from a standing start. After his usual hard day's work, Justin was off the mark before the hat hit the dust, and passed the finish line several lengths ahead. Three other entries came forward that evening, and the eager little stallion beat them all. Soon Justin was hailed as the local champion.

"When brought up to the line," wrote D. C. Linsley, one of Justin's early biographers, "his eyes flash and ears quiver with intense excitement, he grinds the bit with his teeth, his hind legs are drawn under him, every muscle of his frame trembles and swells almost to bursting, and at the given signal he goes off like the springing of a steel-trap."

Morgan the man soon sickened and died of consumption. The colt was sold to pay his creditors, and went on clearing forests and racing all comers. Because of Justin's feats of brawn and speed, farmers brought their mares. The foals were the spit and image of the tough little bay, and outworked, outpulled, outran and out-endured all lesser North Country horseflesh.

Few farmers bothered to record pedigrees, and no one knows how many colts Justin sired during the 25 years when he was presumably eligible for parenthood. But by the middle of the century you could hardly enter a barn or pasture in northern New England without recognizing the unmistakable candid, friendly eye; delicate muzzle; short, fine ears; deep, wide chest; short, strong back; and barrel trunk of the old Justin.

THREE famous sons stand out from the Justin brood — Sherman, Bulrush and Woodbury — and the greatest of these was Sherman Morgan, who was foaled in 1808 in Lyndon, Vermont. Like Justin, he

was small but tough. Hitched to a freight wagon with another son of Justin, he made regular trips to Portland, Maine, and the "little team" became famous at every overnight inn on the route, where their owner matched them at pulling or running against horses of any size, and usually won.

Among Sherman's many colts was the immortal Black Hawk. Foaled in 1833 out of a peddler's mare in Durham, New Hampshire, Justin's grandson became one of the most celebrated sires of American trotters. Broken to harness and used on the family carriage, he showed an irresistible desire to pass everything on the road. His fame spread to Boston, where he was matched against New England's best in a five-mile, \$1000-stake race, which he won easily in 16 minutes. His owners offered to match him against any stallion in America for symmetry, ease and elegance of action and fast trotting. There were no takers. Soon every horseman had to have a colt by the famous black Morgan.

In his long life, about 2000 mares were bred to Black Hawk. Many of his colts went to Kentucky, Tennessee, Illinois, Michigan and the Far West, there to pass on the fabulous genes of his grandfather Justin. In his latter years the horse was revered like an elder statesman, and not so long ago, living Vermonters could recall a stirring spectacle at the 1852 State Fair at Rutland, when

the 19-year-old patriarch, head high and snorting, was driven around the track by his owner, followed by a glittering retinue of 100 descendants.

The pampered darling of the entire dynasty was Black Hawk's son, Ethan Allen, champion trotter of the world at the age of four (2:25 ½) and winner of 33 out of 55 races. No log-pulling for Ethan—he was owned by several wealthy Bostonians, had personal lackeys, and became the great American pin-up horse. "The handsomest, finest-styled and most perfectly gaited trotter that has ever been produced," said the *American Cultivator*. Ethan was so good that New York and New Jersey tracks offered purses as high as \$5000 for horses to compete with him. General Grant rode behind Ethan and promptly ordered two mares to breed to him. At the ripe age of 21 Ethan was sold for \$7500, and spent an honored dotage on a stock farm at Lawrence, Kansas.

WHILE Morgan stars captured the limelight, their kin by the thousands, recognized as the finest general utility horses in the country, spent their boundless energy doing the world's work. Doctors swore by them—come snowdrift or high water, the little Morgan always got through. In 1853 it was reported that four-fifths of all the horses on New York's Sixth Avenue street-car line came from Vermont and New Hampshire, and nearly all were Mor-

gans. Said the New York *Herald*: "They are remarkable for their great strength in proportion to their size and for their power of endurance, bearing up under hard labor that would break down the strength of the strongest draft horse."

In the Civil War the Morgan covered himself with glory. When Fort Sumter was fired upon, Secretary of War Cameron sent buyers to comb the North Country for 1100 Morgans to mount the crack First Vermont Cavalry. Grouped in companies according to color, they won all hearts on parade in New York, Newark and Washington as they pranced to the front. The regiment fought in 75 battles and skirmishes, and its annals are full of praise of Morgan speed and stamina.

At Gettysburg the First Vermont, already jaded and half shot to pieces, was ordered to make an almost hopeless charge over rough ground on a strongly entrenched enemy force. "The behavior of the horses was admirable," wrote a chronicler, "running low and swift, as in a race, guiding at the slightest touch on the neck; never refusing a fence or breaking from the column." The commander, General Farnsworth, was shot from his horse and 75 Vermonters fell, but the diversion was successful, and eyewitnesses called it one of the most gallant cavalry charges of the war. On a bas-relief at the base of a statue on the battlefield, Vermonters still ride their Morgans in bronze. At Appomattox,

the surviving Morgans were in the middle of a charge when the cease-fire order came through. Two hundred of them outlasted the war; a few got back to Vermont.

Morgans fell on evil days toward the end of the century. The faster "Hambletonians" — with the aid of good Morgan dams — took over the harness tracks. Farmers who could afford them bought strapping Percherons for work, and the shadow of Henry Ford fell across the highways. Their days of glamour gone, Morgans retreated to stony back farms, grew shaggy coats against the cold, and lived on grass.

But they still had powerful friends. One of them, Colonel Joseph Battell, gentleman farmer, conservationist and philanthropist of Middlebury, Vermont, spent a small fortune and most of his life collecting fine Morgans and firmly establishing them as a properly registered breed. He traveled throughout the 48 states and Canada looking at Morgans and listening to Morgan lore, and wrote 100,000 letters tracing Morgan pedigrees. Starting with the stallion, General Gates, great-grandson of Ethan the Magnificent, the Colonel rescued the dynasty from the exhaust fumes of progress, and other loyal Morgan men followed in his train.

IN 1905, Colonel Battell presented his farm and stock to the U.S. Government. Breeding continued under the direction of the Depart-

ment of Agriculture, and in 1951 the 940 rolling acres and 40-odd Morgans were acquired by the University of Vermont. In front of the stallion barn, a heroic bronze figure of Justin overlooks the pasture meadow where a dozen of his saucy offspring frisk around their patient dams.

With the great national surge toward the outdoors, the smart, willing, unfussy Morgan has found a new career as a pleasure horse. Women and children love him for his gentle personality and close rapport with his owner. Their sure-footedness and good temper have made them popular on dude ranches. As President Benjamin Harrison once pointed out, in an emergency the Morgan always consults his rider. Yet he has stuff enough in him for a man to ride, and is famous for his "bottom," which in horsey talk means guts. Every year this is demonstrated in the 100-mile trail ride of the Green Mountain Horse Association held at Woodstock, Vermont, open to all breeds. Morgans are always among the leaders, and last September in the 19th annual ride they swept the field of 66 horses from ten states and Canada, taking first place in all three divisions.

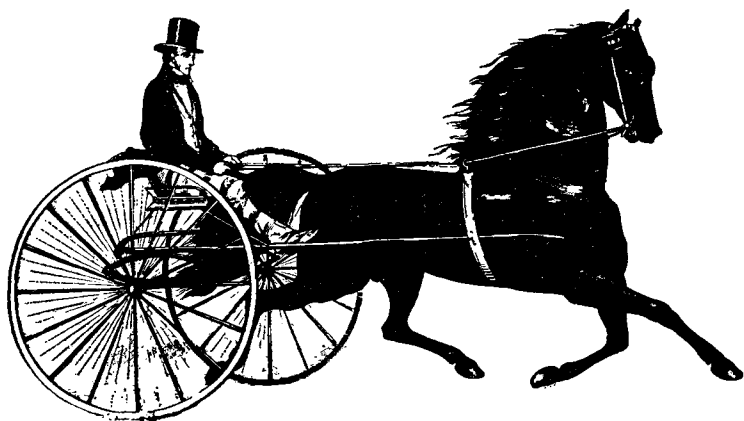
There are approximately 7500 registered Morgans in the country today, and there are probably at least as many perfectly good high-grade Morgans who never made the Register. California now leads in breeding Morgans, with Vermont running

second and Illinois third. New England has been exporting Morgans for more than a century, and there is some concern lest this migration deplete the local stock. Last year J. Cecil Ferguson, Rhode Island breeder, went to Kansas and brought back 51 fine Morgans to redress the balance.

There are now two politely warring schools of Morgan breeders: the "old Morgan" or "purist" minority who pride themselves on high percentages of old Justin's blood, and the "new Morgan" group who believe that the breed is improved by discreet admissions of less exalted ancestry. The whole argument would bring a horse laugh from Justin, who never had a pedigree. Many earnest historians have tried to supply him with one, and there are at least six conflicting accounts of his origin. The one most often printed is that he was sired by True Briton, an imported English Thoroughbred stolen

from a British colonel during the Revolution.

IT WOULD be pleasant to report that Justin Morgan spent his final years in green pastures, suitably honored. Such was not the case. The world did not know him for what he was, and he was batted from pillar to post like most old horses of the day. Again and again he was sold, each time for a lower price and to a lower station. At the age of 22, he was working on a six-horse freight team, with his ribs showing. In 1821, when he was 32, he was seen on a farm in Chelsea, Vermont, still hale and vigorous and without a blemish. He spent that winter in an open yard with other horses. One of them kicked him in the flank. The wound went untended; inflammation set in and he died. But his indomitable genes persist. Wherever a Morgan canters through the morning mist, Justin lives again.



The Specter of RAPALLO

BY FRED A UTLEY

WHEN we lost China by default, we opened the way to the Communist conquest of the Far East. If we should lose Germany, there is little doubt that the whole continent of Europe would eventually become a part of the Soviet Empire.

It was while our eyes were fixed on Berlin during the 1948-49 blockade that the Communists completed their conquest of China. This last year, while we have been pre-occupied with Indo-China, and with our efforts to cajole, or compel, France to permit Europe to be defended, we have paid little attention to the danger signals which have been raised in Germany since the failure of the Berlin Conference.

True, the apparent success of the London Nine Power Conference in October strengthened Dr. Adenauer's hand, and temporarily allayed the political crisis which threatened to destroy his government after France killed and buried EDC last August. But, if France stalls again by delaying or refusing ratification of the London agreements, there is little doubt that the grand old man from Cologne, who has brought Germany out of hunger and despair and humiliation into a respected place in the Western com-

munity of nations, will either be forced out of office, or compelled to abandon his cherished aim of European integration and a firm alliance with America.

Dr. Adenauer's government is now threatened not only by the growing strength of the Social Democrats, who imagine that Germany can win unity, sovereignty and freedom from occupation by negotiation with Moscow; it also has to reckon with the increasing number of conservatives and Ruhr industrialists who think that, thanks to French and other appeasement, or "Hate Germany" influences in Europe and America, there is no hope of success for Dr. Adenauer's policies, and who are therefore advocating a return to the "Rapallo" policy of playing East against West.

The world situation, and that of Germany, are radically changed since the spring day, nearly thirty-five years ago, when German Foreign Secretary Rathenau met Peoples Commissar Chicherin at the beautiful seaside resort of Rapallo, while, a few miles away at Genoa, Britain and France were discussing how to extract more reparations from a defeated, hungry and desperate Germany. In those days, Russia and Germany were both

weak and both outcasts, and could expect to reap equal benefits from a treaty of mutual assistance. Today the Federal Republic is much closer to cooperation and partnership with the West than the Weimar Republic ever was, and is also in a far better economic situation.

But Germany is now cut in two, with its Western half disarmed, whereas the Soviet Union has developed into a colossus which bestrides two continents. In 1922, the only hope the Germans had of staging a comeback was through cooperation with Soviet Russia. Today a "neutralized" Germany, or a Germany permitted to reunite, and perhaps also recover its lost territories east of the Oder-Niesse line, by agreement with the Kremlin, would almost certainly become yet another Soviet satellite. Dr. Adenauer understands this and so also, to judge from my conversations with all sorts and conditions of men in Germany last year, do most other Germans.

IF THE only visible alternative is to remain suspended between East and West, or to become second-class members of NATO with a Communist-ridden France dominating the West European alliance and preventing the West Germans from acquiring sufficient armament with which to defend themselves or the rest of Europe, a majority of the West Germans may be persuaded to try the Rapallo game again. Some

will be pushed in this direction by the illusory hope that they will eventually get the better of the Russians. Others hope that, if they abandon the West, they will at least be spared from becoming the main battlefield of an atomic war in which Germany will be utterly destroyed.

Since the British, who suffered far less than the Germans from the unlimited "strategic bombing" of World War II, are so terrified at the prospect of atomic warfare that Churchill has had to invent a new word for appeasement, namely "co-existence," it should not surprise us if the Germans should also begin to say that it is better to be a live dog than a dead lion.

Nor should we fail to realize that some among Adenauer's loyal adherents have begun to question the wisdom of his strategy of uncompromising adherence to the West. There is much to be said for the view that only the threat of West German negotiation with the Kremlin will bring France to her senses, or enable the United States to persuade France to be reasonable. The danger, as always, consists in means becoming ends, or in our misunderstanding of the motives which are impelling more and more Germans to advocate negotiation with Soviet Russia.

History never repeats itself exactly, but its lessons are clear for anyone to read. For this reason, it is well to know and take warning from the record of Soviet-German relations between the two World Wars.

Walter Rathenau, who signed the Rapallo Treaty, was as devoted as Conrad Adenauer to the cause of reconciling Germany with France and England and bringing his country into the Western community of nations. But at Genoa in 1922, Germany failed to obtain any alleviation of her crushing reparations burden, and Lloyd George refused Rathenau even the favor of a personal conversation.

Since England and France were also insisting that the Soviet Union pay compensation for confiscated property, and meet Tsarist loan obligations which she likewise could not pay, the natural consequence was that Germany and Russia were drawn together. Nevertheless, when Rathenau seemed to be giving way to the German military circles which hoped to free their country from the "shackles of Versailles" by accepting Lenin's offer of an alliance, it was not his intention to break with the West. He explained his signature on the Treaty of Rapallo by saying:

As soon as Paris and London realize that in our despair we are willing to ally ourselves with the Bolsheviks, they will be ready to take us into their own circles. Then my dream of a reconciliation between Germany and the West will be close to realization . . .

A few months later, by one of those tragic ironies which mark the course of history, Rathenau was murdered by a German nationalist

who believed that he wished to deliver Germany over to Russia.

A former German Communist, who, under the pseudonym of Ypsilon, wrote a book called *Pattern for World Revolution*, gives an illuminating account of the conversation in Berlin between the Bolsheviks Chicherin and Radek, and Rathenau and other German government leaders, shortly before the signing of the Rapallo Treaty. The Germans asked Radek: "If we conclude a commercial treaty with your government, isn't it possible that you might elect to make a revolution for us in Germany?" Radek replied: "If you elect not to send us your machines and your goods, you will be scourged by an even greater amount of unemployment in Germany than you already have. Then it might happen that you will relieve us of the trouble of making a revolution in Germany."

Thus began the strange alliance, or marriage of convenience, between the two outcasts of Europe which continued until Hitler attacked Russia, in spite of the efforts of the Comintern to destroy the Weimar Republic, and the savage punishment meted out by the Nazi government to German Communists. It gave substantial economic and political benefits to both Russia and Germany, but it paved the way for the second World War.

By the terms of the Rapallo Treaty, Germany and Russia gave up all indemnity or reparation

claims against one another, and undertook "to give each other mutual assistance for the alleviation of their economic difficulties in the most benevolent spirit."

For Germany, the treaty opened a market in Russia to alleviate unemployment as well as providing a lever to bring France and England to reason. It also enabled the Germans, who were forbidden by the Versailles Treaty to produce modern arms and to have an aviation industry, to keep abreast of technical developments and to experiment for themselves, by installing munition factories in Russia whose output was shared with the Soviet government. They were also enabled to train select cadres of their small army in the use of modern arms on Russian soil.

For Soviet Russia, the treaty not only afforded desperately needed machinery imports and help from German engineers and technicians in building up Soviet industry and armaments production; it also provided the Soviet government with an opportunity to penetrate into the "capitalist world" through the *cordon sanitaire* which the Western Powers had drawn around Russia after the Bolshevik Revolution.

THE FRENCH, like the Bourbons who formerly ruled them, never seem able to "learn anything or to forget anything." Then as now, they failed to realize that the Soviet Union sets far greater value on an

alliance with Germany than with them; and that their unforgiving attitude toward their former enemies is Moscow's greatest asset in persuading Germany to ally herself with Russia. At the Brussels conference last summer, they failed to take heed of Adenauer when he said, "In a race for Russian favors, Western Germany, not France, is the likeliest winner."

In 1923, the French occupied the Ruhr in a vain endeavor to "dig reparations out of Germany with a bayonet" — to quote the eminent British historian, H. A. L. Fisher. This stupid action naturally increased the influence of the German nationalists who wanted to accept Moscow's offer of an alliance against France; as well as driving many unemployed and hungry German workers into the Communist Party. On June 20, 1923, Radek, who was then a leading figure both in the Comintern and in the Soviet government, made an open offer to the German nationalists who had murdered Rathenau, and whom Radek himself described as Fascists, "to support the Communist revolution in Germany in exchange for a Russian-German war alliance against France and England."

Thanks to the Dawes Plan, drawn up on the initiative of the United States Government in 1924, and to the Locarno Treaty of 1925, France was prevented at this time from driving Germany into the arms of Communist Russia. The Dawes

Plan reduced German reparations to a sum which it was conceivable she might be able to pay.

The Locarno Treaty of mutual security between France, England and Germany offered hope of reconciliation, and paved the way for Germany to join the League of Nations. By a happy coincidence, two statesmen of vision, Gustav Stresemann and Aristide Briand, were the foreign ministers of Germany and France in 1924. As Briand said: "At Locarno we spoke European. It is a new language which should be learned."

The pause on the road to war was short-lived. The League of Nations failed to produce a general reduction of armaments, while Germany was forced to remain disarmed. To quote Fisher again: "The long delays of the League militated against the authority of the Social Democrats who stood for fulfillment of the treaties, and had been prepared to make sacrifices for European peace. For seven years Germany had wooed Geneva and wooed in vain."

Unless John Foster Dulles, who evidently knows history and is striving to prevent a repetition of the tragic record of the period between the first and second World Wars, receives sufficient backing from the Administration and the American public to strengthen his hand, historians of the future may write: "The long delay of the Western Powers in establishing a viable European Defense Community mili-

tated against the C.D.U. and other Western-oriented German parties prepared to make sacrifices for European unity and defense. For six years Germany, under Dr. Adenauer's leadership, had wooed France and wooed in vain."

Shortly before his death in 1929, Stresemann, realizing that German democracy would be unable to survive the outrageous blows dealt it by those who should have been its friends, wrote:

I have worked with all my heart for peace and reconciliation, and have subordinated everything to reaching an understanding between Great Britain, France and Germany. I have rallied 80 per cent of the German population to my support. I signed the Locarno Pact. I have given, given and given again, until my own countrymen started to turn against me. It is now five years since Locarno. If the Allies had made one single concession, I could have kept the support of my countrymen. I could still do so. But the allies have given nothing in return. Their few small concessions always came too late. Now, the youth of Germany, which we had hoped to win for peace and a new Europe, is lost to both of us. That is my tragedy and their crime.

Must history continue to be what Gibbon called "the register of the crimes, follies and misfortunes of mankind"? Or can we in this day and age learn the lessons of the past in time to save America and Western civilization?

dial tones

BY JERRY KLEIN

YOU'LL never get any answer on New York City's Murray Hill 7-9970 or Plaza 5-5099. They are just two of the dummy numbers New York has reserved for use in movies, plays and soap operas. In Chicago the Illinois Bell Telephone Co. has set aside twenty-two numbers for use by fiction writers.

The telephone directory in Evansville, Ind., lists a "Muggsy," but his conversation is hard on the ears. Muggsy is a boxer — the four-footed, canine variety.

"Wrong numbers are always the fault of those doing the dialing," according to Karl E. Bassett, general traffic manager of the New York Telephone Co. He says one call in a hundred is a wrong number, caused by carelessly dialing an incorrect letter or numeral.

Poor spelling also produces many of the wrong numbers. Most common errors: Dialing SI for CYpress or BU for BOulevard.

Calvin Coolidge refused to use the telephone while he was President of the United States.

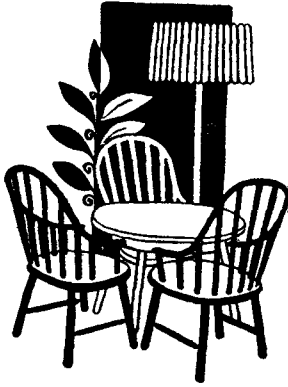
The first trans-Pacific radio-telephone message was made by Hawai-

ian Princess Kawanakoa on December 23, 1931. To Hawaii's Congressional delegate, V. S. K. Huston, the princess declared: "We are making history today."

At Christmas time, youngsters in Germany and Britain can telephone their gift requests direct to Santa Claus. "Ho, ho, ho, this is Father Christmas here, hello," a recorded Santa answers. And after the children tell him what they hope to see beneath their Christmas trees, he tells them a fairy tale.

Not only fairy tales, but dinner recipes, bus and train information, skiing conditions, football scores and a perfect A-tone for musicians are available for a spin of the dial in Austria. The telephone company also planned a "joke of the day" service, but gave up the idea when it encountered "a shortage of good, clean, laughable stories."

A long-distance operator recently was asked to place a call to what sounded like Skamokawa, Washington. "How do you spell that, please?" she asked. "Good heavens, operator," the customer replied, "if I could spell it, I'd write!"



By
LAURENCE JAEGER

I'M SICK OF *Modern Houses*

I PICKED up a Sunday supplement recently and I came across a spectacular two-page spread of photos, text and diagrams on another one of those ultra-modern houses. It was then that I decided I'd had enough.

"I'm sick of modern houses," I said to my wife. "They all look as though their designers never intended them to be lived in."

I flattened the paper and took a good look at the house laid out before me. It was considered such a fine example of modern design in housing that it was the subject of a documentary film being shown that very day on a leading television

show. In many ways, it was typical of all those "contemporary" houses that I've seen for years in photos, newspapers, magazines, scale models and even life-size exhibitions.

For example, the house had what I believe is the "latest thing" — a feeling of "spaciousness" and "freedom" obtained, unsurprisingly enough, by almost completely doing away with that old-fashioned notion of walls between rooms. Now, this might be fine if you hold many large roller-skating parties, but in my house we don't go in for that sort of thing. In fact, when we *do* have some friends over for the evening, we're

thankful that we *don't* have a shiny "functional" kitchen separated from the rest of the house by only one of those modern "counters." At least we can all congregate in the living room after dinner without having to look for the rest of the night at the pots, pans, dishes, glasses and cutlery piled in the kitchen sink!

As for the furniture in this prize house, it too had the sleek "functional" look. The easy chair, for instance, was a rather low-slung affair with a long, narrow seat (too long for my five-foot-two wife), a short stiff back (too short for me to lean back against), and two arms made of beautifully finished, hard, sharp, toothpick-thin wood. After all, what's an easy chair for, I'd like to know, if not to stretch out in, curl up in, perch on the edge of, or — if your limbs are as long as mine — throw one leg over the side of while you read the Sunday paper? Ever try throwing your leg over the arm of a typically modern chair? Ouch!

But to get back to the house itself. It had a second story which contained, besides the master bedroom, a music room and a study. Now, those last two rooms were a good idea, I had to admit — except that, naturally, there was neither door nor wall to separate them. I had a fleeting vision of myself in the study, trying to finish up some work I've brought home from the office, while little Susie is practicing her scales on

the piano in the music room. Close the door, you say? Hmmm.

MENTIONING children brings me to *their* rooms. In the publicity on this house, a big to-do was made over its facilities for the young folks. In the first place, the designer had provided them with a huge play-room that sort of flowed into the kitchen, living room and dining room areas like a dish of gelatine that's stood out too long. This, I'm sure, was intended as a terribly kind gesture toward Mother, who is apparently destined to be endlessly at work behind her counter, while simultaneously keeping an eye on the entire house around it — somewhat like the cashier in a short-order eatery. Frankly, though, I don't see how Mother would ever get a thing done in this combination kitchen-living-dining-play arena when, for example, she has to keep dashing over to rescue the centerpiece on the dining table each time little Johnny's ball bounces onto it from the play area, and ducking down behind her counter as he sends his suction-cup arrow whizzing into the cake batter.

The playroom, however, wasn't the only feature the designer had planned with the children in mind. The fellow had an absolute mania about providing *built-in* play space for the kids. That's a thing I've noticed often in modern houses — their designers evidently think that children are like canaries and must

never be let out of their cages or the cat'll get 'em. So, as I started to say, this designer had worked out still *more* play space for the youngsters. He had devised a wall (actually, a wall!) between the children's rooms. It was made of a composition board, quite thin and light so that it could easily be slid back to form one very large room. He undoubtedly thought he was insuring no end of innocent merriment for the kids. But all I can say is that I wouldn't want to be around at bedtime in *that* house while Mommy and Daddy are wearing their patience thin in an effort to get Sis and Junior to cut out the whispering, giggling, teasing, knocking, rattling and general cutting-up through the oh-so-easy-to-slide wall between their rooms!

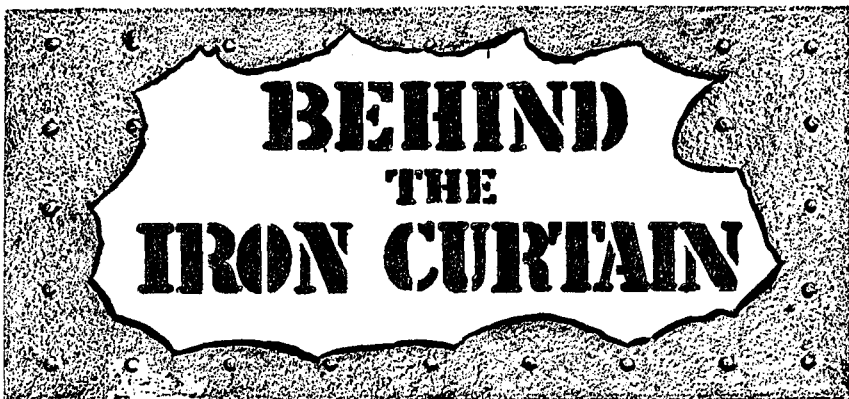
On the other hand, though, I don't know why this designer worried so much about play areas for the children. He didn't give them any place to put their toys. Like so many of his brothers, this modern designer also had practically done away with extra cabinets, shelves, closets, storage rooms, pantries and odd-sized nooks and alcoves, which anybody who's ever lived in one place longer than a year knows you can't do without. Sometimes I think that designers of "modern" houses consider that all possessions in excess of what you can use in any given five minutes are overstock and therefore better discarded. If that isn't the case, then for the life of me I can't figure out what they ex-

pect you to do, for example, with your winter clothes in the summertime.

AND AS long as I'm at it, I'd like to give vent to just one more pet peeve of mine. It's those atrocious little metal pin-up lamps that modern designers use everywhere. I don't understand why they think anyone with normal vision can stand reading by one of those things. I always find that in order to avoid metallic glare, shadows or just whole patches of total darkness outside the lamp's tiny spotlight of illumination, I have to sit so rigidly and immovably that inside of an hour I don't know whether I've been at home reading or in the dentist's office having a tooth pulled.

Now I've said it — and if this all has sounded like a blanket condemnation of anything new and an extolling of everything old, it isn't that at all. It just happens that nothing in the way of a home strikes me as quite so charming, livable or downright "homey" as an old-style house — the older the better. My wife and I live in one now.

There's not a thing modern or "functional" about it. And we love it. It has absolutely no "function," as far as we can see — but for me it rounds out and completes the feeling of *not* a feverish pursuit of system, efficiency and down-to-the-last-inch planning, but of relaxed, uncalculated, easygoing, informal, Just Plain Living.



The Hoax of ✓ Malenkov's New Course

By **ALAN SET**

IT IS NOW one and a half years since rumor grew hot that something new was happening behind the Iron Curtain. The hearts of Western innocents were immediately filled with warm wishful thinking, and since then they have never cooled down. If events of such happy portent are really taking place in the Red Empire, would it not be time to take a closer look and try to draw a lesson for our own conduct of affairs?

All this actually started early in the spring of 1953, when, after Stalin's death, an official announcement, like the first ray of sunshine,

came over Radio Moscow, promising the scent-minded Russians four more varieties of eau de cologne beside the only one available at that time, the "Red Moscow" brand, very much in demand, though not altogether satisfactory. Much more impressive was the next official declaration which a few days later cut the price of Russian bread from 1.65 rubles a lb. to 1.50 rubles, and the price of beef from 7.50 rubles a lb. to only 6.40 rubles. It was soon remembered in the West that Napoleon used to say he feared nothing except a hungry Paris. "Is Malenkov

becoming frightened of his own people?" the West wondered. "And if so, will he ever be able to stop making concessions?"

More eau de cologne together with cheaper food could certainly mean that the post-Stalin Russian rulers felt forced to divert at least some of the country's manpower and some of its capital investments from war industries to the production of consumer goods. These hopes for a new Russia preoccupied with the fragrance and happiness of its peoples, instead of the sinister U.S.S.R. bent on world domination, enormously increased when on August 8, 1953, speaking before the Supreme Soviet, Malenkov delivered his famous "prosperity and peace" speech. This, in the West, was immediately interpreted as the beginning of a "new era," with its promise of sweetness and light for the whole world.

There were, of course, very few people in this country inquisitive enough to find out for themselves — text in hand — what Malenkov had really said. But the headlines informed that Malenkov had offered more and better goods to the Soviet consumer, and this was more or less true. So Western commentators got busy ferreting for proof that some kind of a new course was developing behind the Iron Curtain, and this was not altogether false.

After the gloominess of the Stalin era, wasn't there reason for a little bit of cheerfulness? Wasn't there reason for taking one's mind off the

repulsive megatons of the atomic age and remembering the niceties of our times which, with a little good will, might easily turn into the beginning of an age of plenty for everybody in this world?

AND SO we did, rejoicing. We did it all the more as Malenkov's humanitarian invocation appeared very soon to be only a curtain raiser. For in less than a month, Nikita Khrushchev spoke, and six weeks later Mikoyan's speech bewildered even some of the incorrigible skeptics. Again only very few Westerners took pains to read the full texts of the always too lengthy Communist orations. But according to Western press headlines, Khrushchev definitely promised to raise the standard of living of the Soviet peasants, thus copying the Western pattern of creating incentives for individuals to obtain greater production. And Mikoyan, who, as it was immediately pointed out, had at one time studied the canned food industries in the United States, went out of his way to enumerate all the bicycles, vacuum cleaners and television sets the Soviet consumer would be offered some time in 1955 or 1956, on top of more food and better housing.

The Soviet leaders' talk about a higher standard of living for the helpless Soviet citizen was but one aspect of this new course, which with the passing months has been accepted in the West as an estab-

lished fact, opening new vistas for coexistence between the two worlds. Instead of brandishing the bludgeon in Stalin's manner, the new Soviet rulers became slightly more amenable also in their foreign relations.

While the American government continued to be accused of the worst crimes, the British and the French were treated by the Red press with less severity, occasionally almost with the respect due to human beings. Innumerable Soviet trade missions rambled all over the five continents, asking for specifications of all sorts of most extraordinary goods, from trawlers to titanium tetrachloride, and from annealing furnaces to portable radios and ladies' girdles. Actually, 30,000 tons of butter were purchased by Moscow in Western Europe for cash, and — which was considered to be even more significant — some heavy machinery was sold by the Soviets to Argentina and France. Early this spring an offer was made by Russia to buy more than \$1,000,000,000 worth of British products between 1955 and 1957.

Let us now try to find out — without prejudice but also without blundering into wishful thinking — what all these changes really mean, if they do mean anything.

0.18 OZ. OF BUTTER . . .

First of all we have to correct a basic error which, though seldom explicitly voiced, seems to vitiate most of Western reasoning about

the role played by the post-Stalin masters of the U.S.S.R. From the innumerable American, British and French reports on Malenkov's new course one gathers the impression that, after having taken command over an utterly destitute population on the verge of starvation and maybe revolt, the present Soviet rulers decided, or rather were compelled to decide, to reverse the trend of traditional Soviet economy: the emphasis, which until Stalin's death was placed almost entirely on the production of capital goods, would be switched henceforth to producing more and better consumer goods.

In a country with full employment and with no surpluses of available raw materials — the reasoning goes on — this can only mean that the U.S.S.R. would stop or maybe even cut its industrial expansion in order to shift a part of its manpower and a part of its natural resources from heavy industry to producing more food and more goods of everyday necessity. From war, the U.S.S.R. would be oriented to peace, and our duty — that is what we are told — is to stimulate this conversion by avoiding anything that would arouse Soviet suspicions and fears. Appeasement, coexistence and disarmament are the order of the day.

This fallacious reasoning is a result of a flagrant misinterpretation of what is actually going on in Soviet Russia. Because far from having taken over an utterly destitute pop-

ulation on the verge of starvation and maybe of revolt, the present rulers of the U.S.S.R. have taken command over peoples, of course desperately poor according to Western standards, but perfectly disciplined and conscious of their steadily rising standard of life since 1945. This is the initial error which leads to the distortion of the whole picture. When Malenkov, Khrushchev and Mikoyan promised the Russians more food and clothes and houses, they only repeated what they themselves, together with Stalin and Beria, had been promising — and partly keeping what they had pledged to do — since the end of World War II.

One has only to recall a few facts and figures to prove this.

IN 1945, the victorious Russians were a hungry nation in rags compelled by the regime to a wretched existence of working endless hours just to keep body and soul together. When the rebuilding of the war-wrecked industries began, almost everything in Russia was rationed; there was no housing for several millions of inhabitants. To buy a pair of shoes or a new coat even in the so-called first category cities — Moscow and Leningrad — one had to wait for months and then to queue at the door of a store sometimes for 12 hours or so.

But by 1948, a first, relatively modest price reduction was announced — the traditional method

by which the Soviet planners glowingly offer to the consumers a modest share in the rapidly growing national income. Since then, and until Stalin's death, four more annual price cuts brought up the standard of living almost to the pre-war level, the largest of them being the one in 1950, when according to official figures, the consumers saved 80 billion rubles over one year in their purchases in state retail stores. Malenkov's much advertised price cut in the spring of 1953 was in fact the sixth similar operation, rather modest in extent, as it promised to the Soviet consumers no more than 46 billion rubles of savings.

Far from announcing any "new course," it only proved that the new masters were keeping strictly to Stalin's old routine. Malenkov's second price cut in the spring of this year had something "new" in it, but the other way round: it gave the Russians all the five brands of eau de cologne at a lower price, but did not reduce the prices of meat, vegetables, butter or men's clothing.

Nor was anything "revolutionary" to be found in Khrushchev's and Mikoyan's tremendously publicized announcements. It was obvious that with a population of over 215,000,000 and increasing by some 3,000,000 each year, the Russians had to do something with their agriculture which in some branches produces less today than it did before the Revolution. In 1913, Rus-

sia exported 78,000 tons of butter and 4 billion eggs; today Soviet Russia has to buy dairy products abroad.

But the poor showing of Soviet agriculture was the obvious result of faulty Soviet planning, of industrialization and collectivization, and there was nothing to be found in the Khrushchev and Mikoyan speeches to indicate any departure from the long established Soviet pattern. What Khrushchev promised was to create more giant collective farms and to give the peasants again, as Stalin had done before, a slice of the steadily growing over-all Soviet production. As to Mikoyan's bicycles and television sets, it is sufficient to say that, under Stalin, bicycle production had tripled since the end of the war, while radio production went up by 250 per cent.

. . . AND 45 MILLION TONS OF STEEL

One and a half years after Malenkov stirred the world with his "prosperity and peace" speech, the Soviet "new course" proves to be a gigantic hoax. The Soviet citizen, particularly the one living in the regime's thirty or so cities of the first and second category, are of course today slightly better off than they were one year ago. But so were they by the end of 1953 slightly better off than they had been in 1952, by the end of 1952 better than in 1951, and so on.

Each year the Soviet authorities,

Stalin or no Stalin, are sluicing a little part of Russia's tremendously growing production into a little more consumer goods, mostly for the benefit of the carefully nursed Red aristocracy, but also to bring the illusion of some progress to the bulk of the population. To give the worker a touch of butter helps with the production of steel. At present he is getting 0.18 oz. a day, which means a lot for him, because a few years ago he was not getting any.

It would not serve the cause we are fighting to deny that there is a steady, though very slow progress in Soviet Russia's standard of living. Of course there is, and why shouldn't there be? From a purely industrial point of view, Soviet Russia is a fantastic success, the greatest success the world has ever seen. From a backward agrarian country, the Soviet rulers turned it into the world's second most powerful industrial state, as strong as the seven states of the Western European Union taken together, and about half as strong as the United States.

With at least 70 per cent of the total industry producing capital goods, while the United States is using about the same percentage for the production of consumer goods, Soviet Russia will soon challenge the West industrially by its sheer weight, and this threat won't be lessened if Malenkov decides to turn over a part of the steadily growing industrial surpluses for the benefit of Russia's population. It is not im-

portant whether the Soviet Union will be militarily stronger than the West a few months earlier or later. What is important is that very soon it will be.

At the height of battle in World War II, in 1943, Hitler used up about 40 million tons of steel. Had he had more, it would not have helped him, as he had not enough soldiers to man it. The U.S.S.R. will produce more than 45 million tons of steel this year, and if war comes, steel will be less important in the atomic age than it has been before. No, if Mikoyan decides to build a few more bicycles and vacuum cleaners, it will certainly not mean that a new era of sweetness and light has descended upon this troubled world.

THE HOAX of the Soviet "new course" has to be exploded as soon as possible because, together with the hoax of coexistence, it is only one more weapon for bringing about our destruction. Twenty months after they have come to power, there is not the slightest proof that the post-Stalin masters of Russia have brought any slackening of an aggressive war effort.

As it has been all through the post-war period, by the end of this year the U.S.S.R. will produce much more steel, more pig iron, oil, coal and electric power than it produced 12 months ago. It will produce many more atomic bombs and an unpredictable number of H-bombs. The huge four-jet heavy bombers, one of which was displayed over Moscow last May, similar in size and performance to our B-52, will be formed into squadrons and flown to Soviet sub-Arctic and European bases.

At the same time, the U.S.S.R. will produce a little more food, a little more textiles and a few more vacuum cleaners. . . .

Malenkov and his associates are keeping the peoples of the U.S.S.R. in the same sub-human state of more or less contented but completely subdued slaves which Stalin devised as the best means of conquering the world. As under Stalin, they will continue to toil, building up the Soviet war machine with no thought of revolt or protest. To distort these facts may bring defeat, but certainly will not help the cause of peace.



» Human liberty diminishes in proportion that governmental power is increased and concentrated.

—Dean Clarence Manion



HEARD ON THE PARTY LINE

By Howard Rushmore



IN A journalistic feat of truly epochal proportions, the *Daily Worker* recently discovered there were slave labor camps in South Africa. This, the *Worker* hinted darkly, supplied Prime Minister Daniel Malan with 171,277 "cheap laborers."

Meanwhile a diligent search of *Worker* files failed to reveal a single story concerning the 14,000,000 slave laborers behind the Iron Curtain, a labor force of no mean strength and certainly paid somewhat below CIO and AFL scales.

However, Malenkov's local trade organ took a bow on domestic use of child labor, boasting that the *Worker's* circulation boosters included two youngsters, ages twelve and eight, who daily distribute the paper to twenty-five comrades in Chicago.

Despite this, another Communist publication, *Party Life*, grew deeply concerned with juvenile delinquency growing out of "crime comics." The responsibility for this evil, of course, was placed on Joe McCarthy.

Said *Party Life* with a straight face: "Marxists understand, too, that crime comics are particularly a phenomenon of an America in the process of being fascized by Wall Street . . . McCarthyite reaction."

Joe took his lumps in still another segment of the Party press, this

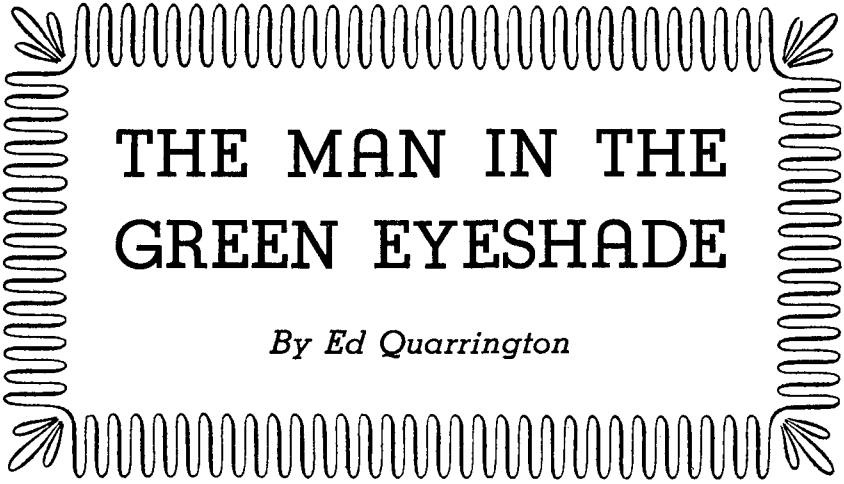
time the official spokesman of the Cominform. This Belgrade-published paper, widely distributed by the domestic comrades, said the recent anti-Communist bill passed by Congress was a product of the "McCarthyite butchers of freedom."

Speaking of the same bill, *Political Affairs*, main theoretical organ of the Communists in this country, grew even more indignant. Said the magazine: "The witch-hunts, the attacks on the Communists, on the whole New Deal and Fair Deal has nothing to do with protecting the nation's security."

Also, *Political Affairs* gave a dressing-down to Andrew Montgomery. Readers of last month's AMERICAN MERCURY will remember Comrade Andy as the one who chastized his brother subversives for not drinking imperialist Coca-Cola.

Two of Andy's buddies took him to task for this heresy, branding it a kind of phoney patriotism. They warned in *Political Affairs* that Communists "look, speak, act and feel with the American people because we are of the people."

The authors were Betty Gannett and V. J. Jerome, both convicted of plotting to overthrow the Government by force and violence. Both patriots face deportation to their native Russia.



THE MAN IN THE GREEN EYESHADE

By Ed Quarrington

FAMOUS HEADLINES FROM THE TABLOIDS

THE COPY EDITOR — that man who writes the headlines in your daily newspaper — pondered the story before him. It told how members of the 25-year class out of Yale were averaging a yearly income of \$25,000. The headline required was two lines of type, each holding a maximum of 12 units in letters and spaces. The lines should “count” almost the same, should tell the salient facts and make the reader interested. Difficult? Not to the headline writer, who satisfied all the requirements, and added a chuckle besides, as he wrote:

BOOLA, BOOLA

MOOLA, MOOLA

Not every copy editor on every story can wrap up his work with

such deftness and originality. But every day of the week on every newspaper in the country he is trying to be as succinct as he supercondenses and interprets the news of his city, the nation and the world.

The function of the headline is simple — to tell the story. But the man who writes it usually accomplishes much more. He lets you know at a glance whether the story is serious or humorous, whimsical or ludicrous, violent or pathetic, important reading or just interesting.

He can be elaborately casual like the copy editor on the *Washington Daily News* who announced the engagement of a prominent socialite to the Marquess of Huntington with:

D. C. GIRL TO WED
HEATER SALESMAN

He is a master of whimsy who turns out FLIGHT CLEARANCE IS DENIED LOON GROUNDED IN JERSEY, when an injured bird is unable to fly South with its flock. With a story about the mother of eleven who learns she may expect her sixth set of twins, he turns to rhyme and produces:

IF TOTS ARE TROUBLE
THEN HERS ARE DOUBLE

Biblical references help him have fun with a story about the man who asks the judge for 10 days in jail and he writes, ASK AND IT SHALL BE OPENED UNTO THEE. And the copy deskman of the Rome (Italy) *Daily American* took liberties with Shakespeare to headline a glowing review of Hamlet:

GOOD PRICE,
SWEET NIGHT

AN ARTIST with words coined WEATHERMAN SAYS CLOUDS TO BE DIVORCED TOMORROW on the *Los Angeles Times*, while a punster on the *Washington Post* composed:

SHOPLIFTER'S STEAK SHRINKS
AS JUSTICE IS MEATED OUT

And so it goes. He'll use a song title, BABY, IT'S COLD OUTSIDE, on a stormy weather yarn. He'll borrow from the language of sports, literature, teenagers, or music to

present the nub of the news with clarity, conciseness, humor, cuteness, brashness, sentimentality, but above all, with brevity.

Movie Producer Jerry Wald — once a newspaperman himself — says headline writers are master translators, diplomats, interpreters and dramatists of the world.

"And it would be a much less complicated world," he continues, "if everybody could say so much in so little. Leading economists lie awake all night trying to figure out how to word an involved statement which they finally utter in 7000 words. The copy desk distills it to NORMALCY TO FOLLOW INFLATION, SAVANT SAYS."

The copy deskman is brief because he has to be. One column head will hold a maximum of 17 or 18 units of letters and spaces — and big type often only seven or eight.

In addition to the unyielding walls of column lines, there are generally accepted rules for headline writing that force a copy deskman to be a creative artist of the first rank to tell his story. The ideal head should express a thought in each line. Adjectives shouldn't be split from their nouns or compound verbs separated, and the line shouldn't end with a preposition. No words are supposed to be repeated. The headline must have a verb — although it may be understood.

Newspapers have their own local ground rules that further complicate the deskman's job. Many ban

the use of "Ike" or "Dems" or "Indo" for Indochina. "Rita" and "Aly," and "Joe" or "Mac" for Senator McCarthy can be employed on some journals, but more ban such informality. Some publishers won't permit the use of contractions such as "auto" or "phone," or perhaps "cop." The *Seattle Times* thinks "blood" too offensive for its family readers and outlaws its use except in cases of transfusions and bloodhounds. The weather in the *Sacramento Bee* can get "warm" but never "hot."

WORKING in his narrow frame of expression, the copy editor often is accused of using a language all his own. And when you see MOM AVERS LOVE TOT HEIR'S or BROKER IN LOVE STAB or SEEK BOOZE STORE IN NEST OF CLERGY, you almost have to agree with his critics. But most headline writers eschew such outlandish constructions and ambiguities and on most newspapers they're taboo.

You can't blame the deskman for taking an aversion to persons with names like Mendès-France or Hick-enlooper. Taft — a four-letter name with two "t's" that take up less space than many other letters — was his all-time favorite political candidate, regardless of his own political bent. Eisenhower was preferred to Stevenson in the 1952 campaign as long as "Ike" was acceptable to his superiors. (Not many papers would allow "Adlai.")

Heads that have a double meaning, either ridiculous or off color, are a copy editor's particular bugaboo. And working in rapid-fire order close to the news, it often isn't until the paper hits the street that he gasps at the mistake he has made.

Of all the practitioners of the art, the copy desk of the *New York Daily News* arouses the most I-wish-I'd-said-that response among other eyeshaders. BOOLA, BOOLA, MOOLA, MOOLA was the creation of the *News*, as was the classic on a judge's decision on a strip-teaser's performance:

JUDGE WEIGHS
HER FAN DANCE
FINDS IT WANTON

A *News* man composed the sentimental BABE GOES HOME: HE TOUCHED ALL THE BASES for the obituary of Babe Ruth. And when a poet laureate of England refused to be interviewed, the *News* brahly told its readers KING'S CANARY WON'T CHIRP.

The copy editor's dream is to write the headline first and have the story written to order. Like the New York editor who one day called over his best reporter. "I've just written the perfect headline," he announced and showed him:

HOCUS-POCUS
IN HOHOKUS

"Now," he continued, "I want you to hop over to New Jersey and find a story that will go with it."

A HOBO OF THE SOUTH SEAS

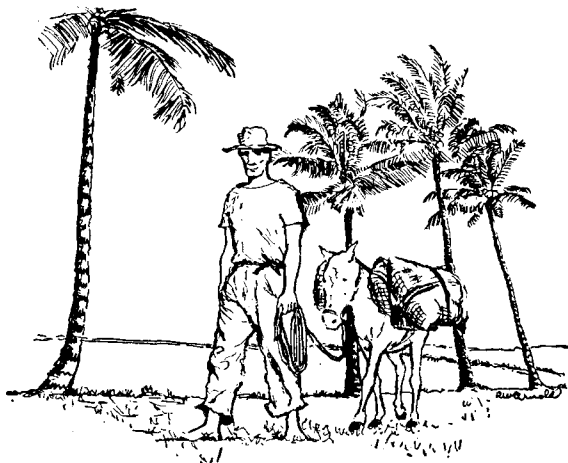
By Wilmon Menard

I REMEMBER well the black dilemma that dogged a hoboistic friend of mine, the late Frederick O'Brien, author of the famous book, *White Shadows in the South Seas*. Freddie was a charming hobo. He had made vagabonds to the Orient, Europe, Africa, the West Indies and the Dutch East Indies; roamed with a knapsack on his back through Central and South America. He even tried hoboing in Liberia. He was a glorious hobo, a bard born out of his time, a delightful, big-hearted, laughing romancer.

His most difficult problem in composing prose and being happy was to find a pleasant place for work and indolence. In consequence, he became the delight of steamship agencies. He circled the globe five times without finding a satisfactory spot where he

could unpack his typewriter. He tried to placate his conscience with the erroneous excuse that he was looking for a permanent latitude for work. It was only in later years that he finally admitted to himself and close friends that he was just a hobo at heart.

During Freddie's last years, when he was in dire need of finances, contracts from editors, which would have brought him in a small fortune,



lay unsigned in his desk in Sausalito, California. There on the hillside, overlooking the Bay of San Francisco, he sat in the sunshine on his front veranda and dreamed of new worlds through which to hobo. Actually, he was on the verge of making his voyage to Heaven.

But it was Frederick O'Brien who inspired me to start off on my hobo to the islands of the South Pacific — the setting of his *White Shadows*. I spent an afternoon with him at Sausalito, and when I walked down the hill to the ferry, my mind was made up. I would become a hobo in the South Seas.

AT THE END of six months, I was a confirmed Tahiti hobo and was admitted to the rank and file of those who every month strolled to the *quai* to critically scrutinize those who disembarked. I've watched them straggle off the gangways of the steamers from San Francisco and New Zealand and Australia. Our breed of hobos come and go regularly like migratory birds. We land quietly at some seashore or island with a small poke, live there for a year, a half-year, and then we're off again to a more remote spot which wild rumor declares is a more blessed abode than the one we already occupy.

Are we happier than those we have left behind in noisy cities? Not necessarily so. We get along about as badly and about as well as they do. To be sure we have entered into a

more ideal state of economics, but the malignant forces of frustration are felt more keenly. On every hand we have lamentable examples — men who might have made their mark in the world, gossiping like old maids in lagoon-front bars; brilliant minds now deteriorated by drink and inertia, lost forever to the arts, sciences and industry. You discover once-complacent minds now inflamed with petty intolerances and racial prejudices. I have never met a happy escapist. But I have met happy hobos. I do like to make this qualification between the escapist and the hobo. The real hobo is oftentimes a very decent chap.

Those who live alone on faraway shores feel the pangs of loneliness as poignantly as solitary city dwellers in America and Europe. The hobo in Tahiti can be as lonesome as the hobo in Hollywood. The spectacular tropical sunsets, the sea, the long stretches of white beach, the coconut palms nodding in the brisk trade-winds can very quickly pall. Nature alone cannot assuage the deep hurt and despair of defeatism. But one has an excellent chance for sheer contentment if he is hoboistic in thought, heart and soul.

It takes very little, I find, to mitigate the ennui of a genuine hobo. The sight of the blue ocean combers breaking milky-white over the coral reefs can beguile us for hours. When we want a little excitement and sport, we can try our hand at underwater spear-fishing, or

wild-pig lancing. For the former sport, all one needs is an inexpensive pair of native diving-goggles, a spear you can fashion yourself, and reasonably sound lungs and good eyes. You can then pike anything from a blue parrot-fish to a small lagoon-shark. We go canoe-sailing with the natives, gather wild fruits in the verdant valleys with them, and attend their village dances and song-fests. We avoid, however, any alliances with the native girls. Not that we're oblivious to their conspicuous charms. We merely stick to the good old formula: "He travels faster who travels alone."

WHEN I first came to Tahiti way back in 1926, I lived in the then isolated district of Paea, about 25 miles down the coast from Papeete. When I came back some years later, to re-establish my lares and penates, I found the lagoon-front lined with trim, white, corrugated-roofed bungalows. Many stately palms had been knocked down to make way for commercialism. Enterprising Tahitians, with an eye to the booming tourist trade, had erected these monstrosities all along the stretch of virgin beach where I had once strolled in deep reverie. And now they were tenanted by affluent, drunken tourists.

The entire length of the once unsullied beach was littered with tin cans, beer bottles, empty cracker boxes and newspapers. I abandoned the site of my native hut (upon

which another tourist's bungalow was promptly constructed) and moved farther down the end of Tahiti. In the lonely district of Tautira I secured a reasonable lease of a semi-circular, palm-shaded cove. I built myself a snug pandanus-roofed hut and settled back to enjoy my solitude.

But not for long! Within a year an ambitious half-caste land-owner put up a hotel a stone's throw from my land. It very shortly became a rendezvous for all the dissolute, drunken white and brown society of Tahiti. They made bedlam day and night. There was so much confusion and noise that the land-crabs on my property moved farther down the beach.

Several years later I came back to Tahiti with renewed courage and sailed on a copra trading schooner among the Leeward Isles, to the Northwest of Tahiti, and one morning I sighted my retreat — the small low island of Maupiti, approximately one hundred and fifty miles away from Tahiti.

I lived in divine peace for about eight months. But one morning while I was caulking my outrigger-canoe with breadfruit sap, a startling sound shattered the blessed tranquility of the Maupiti scene.

"Well! Well! So you're the beach-comber of Maupiti!"

My eyes bulged and my mouth fell slack. I was shocked to the marrow of my bones by the sound of an English-speaking voice. My startled

eyes beheld a short distance away an amazing looking baldheaded man.

"My name is Stillson — Barney Stillson," he giggled. "Do you mind if I take a few candid-camera shots of you?"

I was too flabbergasted to voice any resistance to the Leica dangling from his scrawny neck. The thought that staggered my consciousness was how had he endured the uncomfortable schooner voyage to Bora-Bora Island, and then the extremely hazardous sailing-canoe lap through storm-swept, coral-fouled, shark-infested waters to reach my sanctified Maupiti strand. And why?

"The French trader in Vaitape, Bora-Bora, told me you were beachcoming over here," he said suddenly, as if interpreting my thoughts.

Beachcombing! I narrowed my eyes angrily and clenched my fingers. How had this false rumor spread about me? I was a respectable hobo, but never a wretched, lowly beachcomber!

WITHIN the first ten minutes or so he snapped more than two rolls of film of me — about seventy separate, unposed shots. He lensed me from every conceivable angle: lying on the ground; over my shoulder; just above the keel of the overturned outrigger; smack between the eyes; now springing up under my nose with an insane cackle of "Got you!" He even shinnied up the smooth, annulose bole of a coco-

nut palm for an "angle shot" as he called it. My gorge began to rise.

He squatted down on his withered haunches in the shade of my palm-thatched hut to reload his camera. "How does it feel to be a beachcomber on a South Sea island?" he asked suddenly.

I dropped my primitive, Polynesian caulking tools and faced him with a grim expression. "I beg your pardon," I said icily, "but I don't happen to be a beachcomber. I'm just a resident hobo of Maupiti, and I live here because the life appeals to me."

"But you're a beachcomber all the same!" he argued stubbornly.

"Listen, Mister Buttinsky, no matter how long I sifted the sands of this beach all I'd ever find would be a few clam shells, crab claws, urchin shells, fragments of coral, and possibly a broken, pearl-shell bonito-hook, which, you must admit, have no commercial value!"

"No, no!" he screamed. "A beachcomber isn't necessarily a man who earns his living combing a beach for valuables! That's just the original idea of the word! Anyone who loafs away his time on a seacoast, particularly a South Sea island beach, is a beachcomber!"

"I don't happen to loaf away my time here!" I corrected him stiffly. "I'm damned busy as you must see, and when I don't have a hundred-and-one jobs like this, I'm out fishing for my dinner, or exploring this island for material for articles and

fiction stories. I have few precious hours to waste."

He giggled unrestrainedly. "You sure look and live the life of a real beachcomber to me, sonny."

Arguing with him was futile, so I resumed caulking the cracks in my canoe. I was able, fortunately, to control my steadily mounting temper as he continued for some time to take pictures of me, at the same time making his unwanted comments. Finally, he tipped his sun-helmet and strode briskly off down the beach.

It took more than a week for me to settle back into my old pleasant routine.

But gradually peace came in again on the soft tradewinds. I thought of other writers and adventurers — all hobos at heart — who had fled to the South Pacific for solitude: Robert Louis Stevenson buried in Upolu Isle, Western Samoa; Somerset Maugham, Rupert Brooke; Robert Keable interred in Papeari, Tahiti; Paul Gauguin whose bones were moulding in a lonely grave in the Calvary Cemetery above the Bay of Traitors in Hiva Oa Island, Marquesas Group; Robert Dean Frisbie; James Norman Hall; Charles Nordhoff; Aldous Huxley.

THEN ONE DAY a female journalist and her artist husband landed at Maupiti. She had come to write; he had come to paint. But all they did day and night was to quarrel.

Either one or the other was hurrying down the beach to my hut to persuade me to take sides in their petty bickerings. I thought they would grow weary of their domestic discord and Maupiti, but instead they seemed to thrive on incompatibility and island life.

At last, this female cobra and the male mongoose forced me to flee. Now I am sure they had selfish designs upon Maupiti, and conspired to drive me away, so they could have it to themselves.

I voyaged to Tikahau Atoll, in the Tuamotu Group, and had a quiet six months there before a Frenchman, with diving apparatus, invaded the island to work the pearl shell beds under a special dispensation from the French colonial government. It was worse than living at the corner of Times Square. I took desperate flight to Anaa Atoll. Twenty days passed and then one morning I heard the shocking words "*Camera! Action!*" A Hollywood movie company had landed! I packed off for Fakarava Atoll. Two months later an enterprising Australian dropped seemingly out of the blue tropical sky and started the natives hunting sharks. He would buy all the shark hides they could bring in for shagreen, shoes and leather novelties. It was shortly the same old story — paradise lost.

So I finally gave up trying to live the life of a South Seas hobo.

Now I am a hobo poking around the off-trail corners of Europe.

THEY GOT THE

AIR



By Irv Leiberman

H EADLINES across the nation recently screamed: WIND SUCKS MAN FROM AIRLINES. Newspapers told the story of Marc Fisher-Galati, a steward for Eastern Airlines, who was drawn through an open airplane door when his DC-3 was at 2,000 feet over Tampa (Fla.) Bay. Instead of falling to his death, however, the fortunate ex-paratrooper's hand and foot caught in the plane's door chains, and he rode safely to the ground dangling upside down like a tassel. Miraculously, a few scratches were his only injuries.

On several occasions in the past, there have been similar freak airplane mishaps, when persons have been thrown out of airplanes while the pilots were stunting, or when the planes bounced or turned over in the air.

Centrifugal force threw Lieut.

Neal Ansman out of the cockpit while he was stunting near Colon, Panama, several years ago. He left the ship at an altitude of 6,000 feet, fell a third of a mile "before I recovered enough presence of mind to pull the rip cord." Another third of a mile had whizzed past before Lieutenant Ansman's 'chute bellowed open, but he reached the ground safely.

Although you wouldn't think that a fall from an airplane could be described as "pretty comfortable," that's precisely what an English aviation cadet, Derek M. Sharp, of Yorkshire, said after he was forced to ride an airplane's rudder to earth at Tuscaloosa, Alabama, during the war.

Officers of the U.S. Air Training School, in telling how Sharp went through the experience unruffled one windy day, said the plane was

flying at about 500 feet when suddenly Sharp "found himself sitting on thin air."

"His next impression of the mishap," officers related, "was a severe rap when his head hit the tail and, throwing his arms around the tail with his legs dangling below, he managed to hold on long enough to wiggle himself up onto the elevator surfaces."

The instructor, Jay McCausland, soon discovered by the peculiar behavior of his plane that his passenger was missing, and saw him on the tail. Since Sharp could not safely jump from that height, he climbed to 2,500 feet "with extreme difficulty."

In an attempt to attract the student's attention, McCausland kicked the rudder bars back and forth, and to his surprise felt Sharp take hold of the tail and wiggle it back at him. On looking around, the instructor saw that Sharp had straddled the tail and was signaling him with the "thumbs up" gesture, conveying the message that he chose to stay with his instructor and risk the ride down to earth with him.

Fortunately, the pilot made a perfect landing.

MANY PEOPLE don't hesitate to express their intense dislike for snow, but Harry Griffiths, a Toronto compass adjuster, does not include himself in this group — and for an excellent reason. Snow, you see, once saved the Canadian's life.

Griffiths was a passenger in the plane of Captain John Gerow which was flying about ten feet above frozen Lake St. Louis, Dorval, Quebec, doing more than 100 miles an hour, when he fell out of the Royal Air Force Ferry Command plane in a one-in-a-million accident. He landed in a snowdrift, picked himself up, and walked to a nearby farmhouse without a broken bone.

Water, too, has been instrumental in saving the life of a fast-departing airplane passenger. A number of years ago a New Jersey businessman was thrown out of a plane when the pilot made a sudden maneuver to avoid hitting a bird. The private plane was flying at a height of less than 500 feet when the pilot saw a bird in front of his craft. He maneuvered the plane quickly. A second later he felt a thud against one wing. At almost the same instant he felt another shock and looked back to find his passenger was no longer in the plane. Looking below, he saw the embarrassed businessman strike the water less than a quarter of a mile offshore, and start swimming.

Later, the passenger admitted shamefacedly to his friends that he had forgotten to lock his safety belt.

Luck definitely plays a part in protecting persons who fall out of planes, but it also has a hand in protecting those who have to jump into space. Pfc. Harold D. Lovell will attest to that.

He had gone up in a plane at Fort Campbell, Kentucky, to participate

in a mass jump last summer. He waited his turn nervously as the jump began. He could see the parachutes of his buddies opening all over the sky. There was nothing to worry about. Then it was his turn. He stepped to the door, then leaped. Counting to ten, he pulled the ripcord. Nothing happened. Perspiration burst through his skin.

"I was frantic," he said. "I grabbed the cord again and tugged at it with every ounce of strength I possessed. Again nothing happened. I was falling faster now. Abruptly, something came into view just below me. I thought it might be the ground. I closed my eyes and snatched at it with both hands."

What Lovell snatched at and missed was the parachute of Sgt. Richard N. Cleaver, the man who had jumped before him.

"I saw this body go hurtling by me as I was drifting down to earth," said Cleaver. "It went by me so fast I had no chance to reach out for it. Then, I noticed a wad of silk following it. I clutched it to me as it whipped past. It was then I knew I had grabbed the unopen parachute of one of my buddies."

Cleaver held on to the collapsed parachute of Pfc. Harold D. Lovell and his own parachute lowered them both safely to the ground.

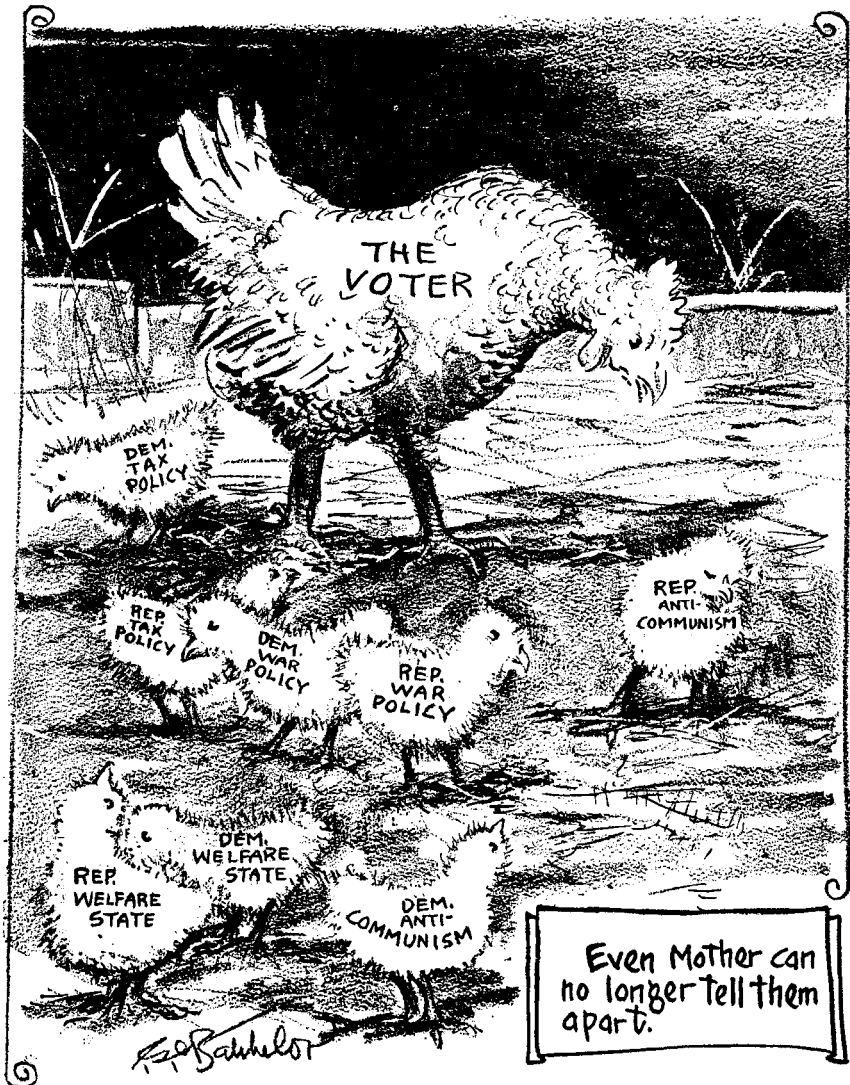
THIS STORY is a real thriller, but probably one of the best death-cheating yarns to come out of the war concerns the experience of Lieut.

Earl W. Knier, of Hershey Farms, Pennsylvania. In diving upon a Messerschmitt over Normandy he passed right over a German anti-aircraft battery. He strafed it and got shells through his left wing and in his motor in return. Flames broke out all over his ship and from the blazing cockpit his clothing caught on fire. He was too low to bail out. He knew that. Yet he couldn't stay in the airplane. So, although he was traveling at a rate of 350 miles per hour, he jumped.

With his hands across his knees he was sailing along at a tremendous speed not far above the ground. He didn't believe there was much use, but he pulled the parachute ripcord and long before he dropped or slackened his speed the chute opened. But he was going so fast he was pulling the silken pod along with him. He wouldn't dare try to estimate now how near he was to the ground except to say it must have been under 75 feet. Because, when he started to drop, there wasn't enough distance for him to straighten out and hang perpendicularly from the silk. He just swung in an arc and hit the ground, rolling.

First he put out his burning clothing, then he ducked into a hedgerow and drew his revolver. A green-clad, helmeted figure came running toward him, and he thought, "Wrong side of the lines." And then he heard a Midwest boy say, "You flyin' boys is always in a hurry, but I bet you couldn't do *that* again."

C. D. BATCHELOR'S CARTOON



In the MERCURY'S OPINION

By Russell Maguire

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER's administration has committed, in its first two years, ten out of the eleven major offenses charged against the Truman Democrats by the Republican campaign platform of 1952.

Here are the charges, as made in the Preamble of the Republican Platform. See if these charges don't apply as much to the Republican administration of today as they did to the Democrats of two years ago.

1. The Administration has "arrogantly deprived our citizens of precious liberties by seizing powers."

2. The people in power "work unceasingly to achieve their goal of national socialism."

3. They have "disrupted internal tranquility by fostering class strife for venal political purposes."

4. They have "choked opportunity and hampered progress by unnecessary and crushing taxation."

5. They have "created an appearance of economic health" by "war expenditures, waste and extravagance, planned emergencies and war crises."

6. They have "debauched our money," cut "in half the purchasing power of the dollar."

7. They have "weakened local self-government."

8. They have "shielded traitors..."

9. They have "violated our liberties by turning loose . . . a swarm of arrogant bureaucrats . . . who meddle intolerably in [our] lives and occupations."

10. They have tolerated "corruption in high places."

The eleventh charge — that the Truman Democrats plunged us into the Korean War — is the *only* one of which the Eisenhower Republicans, who were the authors of the indictment, are not themselves guilty today!

With this lone exception, the Eisenhower administration, which promised reform, has merely perpetuated the Big Government policies established by the New Deal of President Roosevelt and reinforced by the Fair Deal of President Truman. In many instances the same key officials who initiated the Roosevelt and Truman programs have been held over to manage the job for the Eisenhower administration. In other cases, new men appointed to key jobs have been known in advance as sympathizers of the New Deal and the Fair Deal.

Of course the Eisenhower administration continues to speak in the name of the Republican Party, but does not represent the Republicans. The fact is that the Republican

Party is now little more than a name. America's traditional two-party system has quietly been replaced by a virtual dictatorship of "an invisible government." The expected change of two years ago, from twenty years of New Deal and Fair Deal to a Republican administration that would restore the nation's traditional balance of power, did not materialize. Instead, we have had under President Eisenhower what amounts to nothing more than the consolidation of the New Deal and Fair Deal.

The Administration is taking us away from the old States' rights concept as the Federal Government gets more and more powerful. And not only has the so-called centralized government grown upon the American people; it has also grown away from their representatives. Even Congress is ignored by the little hand-picked group in the Executive branch who actually control the nation.

What the Government is moving *toward* is as plain as it is perilous. Our present destiny — a satellite state in the universal Soviet dictatorship — is nothing less than a centralized world government, and the shortcut we are taking toward it is through the United Nations.

The world government threat is seldom discussed in print. Even when the threat is discussed in the halls of Congress, the newspapers are strangely silent. Senator Jenner of Indiana made a major speech in the

Senate last August 13th on the dangerous trend toward world government, and he was all but ignored. His speech is reprinted, in condensed form, starting on page 39 of this magazine. One or two brief quotations from his address will illustrate the seriousness of the situation.

Senator Jenner declared that "it is the internationalist-collectivist lawyers who have neutralized American military power and made our promises ridiculous before the world." He explained that we could have the very best military establishment in the world "and yet be reduced to impotence by the thin silken meshes of the law. . . . It was the left-wing collectivist elite in our government who learned how to manipulate the levers of government in the 'thirties . . . and which consolidated its power in a legal spiderweb of treaties, executive agreements, conferences, and directives, in preparation for permanent control of our post-war policies."

Republican voters — and millions of Democrats who sided with them — elected the Eisenhower administration two years ago in the belief that campaign promises would be kept, and that the leftward trend toward centralized government, world government, would be reversed. Two years later, control of the Government lies more than ever in a small Executive Department clique apparently determined to turn the United States over to the dangerous United Nations.

How the COMMUNISTS Won Manchuria

By WES BAILEY

ONE of the most malicious lies that the Communists have been able to sell is the canard that Chiang Kai-shek's troops surrendered Manchuria because his regime was "corrupt." Nothing could be further from the truth, but the mythology lingers on.

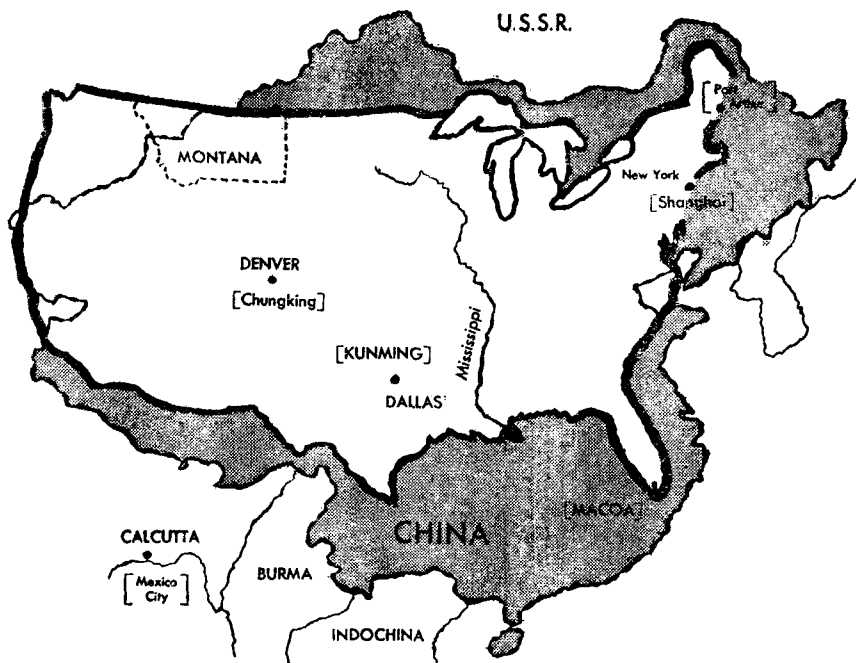
For geography, not politics, was the key.

If we remember just a little bit of United States geography, we can recognize the task that Chiang faced when World War II abruptly ended. And we can see how the Russians — who came into the war *after* the atomic bomb hit Hiroshima — had an entire continent handed to them.

Spin a world globe and you will

see that China lies largely between the 25th and 45th parallels, as does the United States. If we can visualize the Mississippi flowing east and west, rising near Denver and emptying out of New York harbor, we will have a rough approximation of how the Yangtze has its mouth at Shanghai, and its head back in the mountains near Chungking. Manchuria becomes our New England, containing all the coal of Pennsylvania and the iron of Michigan.

Now let us remember that in 1931, fourteen years before World War II ended, Japan had invaded China and driven Chiang and his armies back up the Yangtze — all the way to "Denver," which approximates Chungking. All of the eastern



seaboard from Port Arthur to Macao — like Florida to Maine — was in the hands of one of Chiang's mortal enemies, Japan. Mao Tse-tung, who rules China today, was sitting in a cave in Yen-an, taking no part in the fighting against the Japanese.

Mao Tse-tung and Chiang had once fought side by side in aid of Sun Yat-sen, the George Washington of China. But while Chiang was and is a devout Christian and democrat, Mao was godless and Communist. The split was inevitable. The Gissimo drove Mao and his Commies back into the wilderness of what might be Montana if it were in the U.S., and then returned to the East coast. This done, Chiang turned to the formidable task of building up

China's commerce and industry.

But across the Yellow Sea the Japanese War Office knew that a peaceful, united China, under an able government backed by 400,000,000 industrious citizens, would one day challenge Japan's dominant position. There was room, the Japanese thought, for only one important nation in Asia. That is why, in 1931, Japan created the incident of the Marco Polo Bridge, and began the war with China that did not end until the second atomic bomb hit Nagasaki in August, 1945.

AND SO, for fourteen years, there had been no Chinese civil administration in the vast seaboard area of China. Think, if you can,

what it would mean to the U.S. if we had been successfully invaded in 1940. Everything east of the Mississippi is in enemy hands — Boston, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Charleston, Miami. All of New England's resources have been feeding the enemy's war machine. They have been unopposed strongly on the mainland, and not at all in their homeland, for a decade and a half. In that time, with Japanese thoroughness, they have organized every activity of our country; introduced a new currency, a new economic system, completely destroyed all traces of the previous American administrations.

You must also recognize that where Canada sits, the Big Bear of Russia lies hovering, menacing. You, Chiang Kai-shek, had kicked Stalin's pal Borodin out of the early government, and chased Russia's puppet Mao back into the hills near the Russian border. For years you have been the world's Number One Anti-Communist, and Stalin would like nothing better than to see you crushed.

But the U.S. Government belief in 1945 was that Chou and Mao (and "Uncle Joe") could be handled. Now the war was happily over, and Chiang's job was to get his troops, who had been fighting under U.S. General Stillwell in Burma, as quickly as possible up to Shanghai, Nanking, Peking; to Amoy, Foochow, Canton, Tientsin.

The situation was the same as if, after fourteen years away from these cities, General Eisenhower had immediately to find administrators, mayors, judges, financial officers, policemen, engineers and a multitude of civil experts to take over the facilities of Chicago, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, New York, Boston, Washington, Philadelphia and Charleston — plus a hundred Hartfords, Harrisburgs, Richmonds and Atlantas.

But let us further assume that there are no railroads from Denver to New York. There is the river, but it is treacherous for much of its length (which is why the Japanese could advance no further) and subject to wild floods. And there are no ships to navigate the roaring gorges or the shallow waters. Nor are there any broad highways.

Let us leave Chiang now in Chungking (Denver) and look at the situation in Kunming (Dallas).

AS WE KNOW, during the war all supplies for the U.S. Army and the Chinese troops had to come in over the Hump — that nightmare of Himalayan Mountains which bred Mt. Everest and which stand as the tallest, most unexplored, unknown mountain range in the world. For some years a project had been underway to build the Burma Road, but despite bone-searing work by U.S. Army engineers and Chinese coolies, it had never really functioned.

So airlift from Calcutta to Kunming was the only practical way. All supplies to Calcutta had to come the long way around, of course; across the South Atlantic, around Africa, across the Indian Ocean. A jaunt of 12,000 miles from New York, half-way around the earth before the *hard* part of the supply line began!

But in between Calcutta (which is almost precisely parallel to Mexico City) and Kunming (Dallas) is not the lazy Rio Grande and the pleasant country of Mexico. No. Here lie the tangled, steaming jungles of Burma, and the soaring Himalayas. Over the Hump, with its uncharted mountains shrouded in fog, and sudden death lurking in turbulent air currents.

And since the best planes were, quite properly, fighting the war in Europe or flying from the decks of U.S. carriers, China got the second best. Planes not equipped to fly at 27,000 feet; planes with not enough power to get them safely over the sky-brushing peaks. But they were the only supply line, and brave American boys died to keep it open.

Because of this tenuous line, with the limited carrying capacity of the C-54's, it was impossible to build up important supply depots. To increase the capacity, gliders loaded with critical ammunition, gasoline or medicines, were sometimes pulled by the four-engined C-54's.

If the unpredictable headwinds whipping out of the mountains or rising from the humid jungles proved

too strong, the glider had to be cut adrift. The glider crew were sent to almost certain death. Since the C-54 could not get through to Kunming if it used all its gas fighting the headwinds with the tow, the grim decision had to be made that it was better to sacrifice three men, and the junior load, than to destroy both planes, both crews, and all supplies.

That this dreadful choice had to be made by the C-54 pilot, who knew he was saving himself by sacrificing other men, did not make it easier for him. Everyone understood — including, I am sure, the doomed crew in the glider — but it was a heart-breaking task.

IT WAS under these conditions that all supplies arrived in Kunming. And so, when the Japanese suddenly surrendered after Atom Bomb No. Two, the job of Chiang and his general staff was to get his trained troops somehow, someway from Kunming and Chungking (Dallas and Denver) up to the East Coast cities — and fast. He had to get there, if he could, before the Japanese surrendered and turned over their arms to the Russians — or changed their minds and fled to the hills to fight on as guerrillas.

To get to Shanghai, this is what Chiang faced. An American C-54 pilot had to fill his plane with drum of high-octane gasoline from the Liberty ships anchored in Calcutta. He then flew the gasoline to Kun

ming, left part of it in storage, keeping on board enough to fly to Shanghai — and back.

Then the Chinese troops went aboard, carrying rifles and minimum gear; no tents, cook-stoves, or heavy equipment. Not more than 80 soldiers could be jammed into the plane after allowance was made for the drums of gas needed to get back. When the men had been delivered in Shanghai, the ship flew back to Kunming, was refueled with the gas previously stored, and went back to Calcutta to repeat the process.

This was equivalent to flying a four-engine ship from Mexico City to New York to deliver 80 men. Since Shanghai is a city of five million, even ten thousand troops would not have been too many.

But additionally Chiang had to get his troops out of Shanghai and into the “New England” cities of Nanking, Tientsin, Peking and dozens of other key points. The number of available planes we had was far too small for the job of this 4,000-mile airlift, for China was always the least important theater of war. The big four-engine jobs gulped gasoline by the barrels. And the American pilots and ground-crews were understandably eager to get home; a natural desire that was busily promoted by the Communists within and without the U.S. Army.

So the pressure to release the planes, and the men who kept them flying, was enormous. Some were turned over to the relatively few

Chinese pilots who knew how to fly them, but the Chinese technical service was woefully ignorant. The service began to falter, stagger, and finally came to a grinding halt.

Meantime, the troops who had reached Shanghai promptly started to march to other cities. I saw column after column of the ill-fed Chinese troops, clad in the thin summer tropicals of Burma, wearing blue sneakers or straw sandals, march singing out of Shanghai that fall and winter of 1945. The railroads were few, or had been destroyed. The “agrarian reformers” of Yen-an, alive now that the Japanese had surrendered, were sabotaging everywhere. I have flown at tree-top level from Tientsin to Peking, roughly the same distance as lies between New York and Albany, and seen the railroad rails lying broken and bent after the Commies had sneaked out of the hills and set raging fires on the tracks to melt and twist the steel.

PERHAPS one begins to get the picture of what Chiang was up against in trying to get his troops into these key cities to accept the Japanese surrender, and to restore Chinese civil rule to areas from which it had been pushed by war fourteen years before.

Of most pressing concern was the need to get Chinese troops into the Northern cities — Harbin, Mukden, Port Arthur. At Port Arthur the Russians were already entrenched, and not only denied the Chinese,

but refused for months to let the American consul land, and angrily warned off the American ship that tried to land him.

But Chiang's troops marched into Mukden, pitifully few for the job they had to do, almost completely without supplies. The situation was similar to sending 5,000 troops to Boston to control all of New England, while a hostile Russian army flanked you in Providence and had a million more troops posed above you in Canada.

Under these conditions it was relatively easy for Mao Tse-tung, Chou En-lai and the rest of the Communist gang to get from the Russians all of the supplies they had taken from the Japs. Rifles, mortars, ammunition, trucks, heavy and light artillery. And with the gift went Russian instructions on how to use them.

The situation was a tragic one. Loyal though Chiang's troops were to him, it soon became apparent that overwhelming numbers of the enemy, lack of equipment and complete chaos among the civilian population made defeat inevitable.

And so began the long, hard march back, running the gauntlet of fire.

Chiang did not have troops to fight through to the rescue, for by this time the U.S. Army and Navy were rapidly being evacuated, and there was no transport. The Communists had done their work well.

Chiang had other problems at this

time. There was strong pressure from the White House for him to find a way of "coexistence" with the Communists who were shelling his troops! General George Marshall was sent over by President Truman to enforce a "peace." Peace teams of American officers, arriving by the truckload from desk duty at the Pentagon and U.S. bases, completely ignorant of China and its problems, deployed out of Shanghai to "stop the fighting."

The fighting stopped. It stopped where the Communists wanted it to stop, and it stopped — let's face it — because we did not back up Chiang. The Communists he could have, and would have, stopped if we had helped him even a fraction, later killed tens of thousands of American boys in Korea. They are on the march today.

But this is not written in defense of Chiang Kai-shek. They tagged him with the label of "corrupt," but that is probably as false as the "agrarian reformers" tag that was so popular at the time. I don't know.

But anyone with an elementary knowledge of U.S. geography can understand why Chiang's troops faced an impossible task in liberating Manchuria. It's a long way from Mexico City to New York, and equally far from Calcutta to Shanghai. To control New England out of Boston with few troops and no supplies in the face of a hostile Canada would be quite a task.

And that's the way it was.



Happy Wanderer

BY M. B. SAWNER

A POPULAR song has lyrics which go like that, and to an armchair dreamer, it sounds ideal — freedom and the open road. In America we dream it; in Europe they live it.

Seeing one of these wanderers for the first time, an American thinks he's quaint. A European Scout leader perhaps. He wonders where the Scouts are. Soon enough, however, he learns the knapsack carrier isn't a Scout leader; that this is how a good fraction of the population travels.

Wherever the American goes in Europe, there is the hosteler, the knapsack on his back, wearing corduroy shorts with heavy wool sweater and knee socks and a pair of

good hiking shoes. There is a look of self-reliance and health on his face that would make anyone envious. He's part of a group, or by himself; sometimes he's on a bicycle, most often on foot. Decidedly, he's roughing it and using all of Europe for his adventure.

Money is still a scarce commodity in Europe but the desire to see the world is strong. The combination yields this answer to a poor man's purse.

This means of travel enables the knapsacker to see the country, more of it for less. He doesn't flit from capital to capital by train, having an hour-by-hour schedule that runs the usual tourist ragged. In his mind

there is usually only a half-formulated plan of where he wants to go and how long it takes to get there. If he likes it, he stays for a while. If he doesn't, he moves on.

There are other benefits. He doesn't have to worry about his luggage; it's on his back. Since he is out to impress no one, his wardrobe is basic — one change of clothes. He really meets the people of the countries he visits, being a pedestrian. Best of all, he enjoys what he's doing. He's guide and tour-maker with his two feet as the means of transportation.

Youth hostels are his hotels, to which he brings a sleeping sheet and a willingness to do some duty the warden of the hostel assigns. These organizations, set up in each country, provide quarters and often meals for as little as sixty cents a day.

Time limits are imposed because the hostels are so popular. Through the summer he must book in advance, just as in a hotel. But none of that simulated American atmosphere common to European hotels is present. There is no room service here, or hot showers. Strictly the

cold-water, do-it-yourself standard.

THE WORD "youth" is misleading. Age is no prohibitive factor. Some grey-haired hostelers have been foot-touring Europe for years, and they wouldn't change their means of travel for anything. Or their experiences.

Sex is no barrier. Since so many girls take to the open road for their holidays, hostels are set up to accommodate them, too.

Hostels supply the basic needs and in them the knapsack traveler has a chance for companionship and the opportunity to meet people from all over the world. Something in the hostel atmosphere removes social barriers so common to commercial places of stay. That all-in-it-together feeling promotes friendliness.

The wanderer spends some of his time studying maps, figuring out tomorrow's destination — more or less. When he leaves, he may have a new-made friend join him on part of his trip. In any case, he swings the knapsack on his back early in the morning and starts off down the road, humming that now-familiar tune.





MAKE GERMANY ★ AN AMERICAN ALLY ★

By William Henry Chamberlin

WILL the German Federal Republic be allowed to become an effective ally of the United States, politically and militarily? It is on the answer to this question that the issue of the Cold War depends more than on any other single factor.

Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that the American policy of co-operating in the ground defense of the European continent makes sense if, and only if, Germany is rearmed on terms of full political equality and national self-respect. Should German rearmament fail (and there are still hurdles to be taken, even

after the London Agreement which replaced the rejected European Defense Community), the only logical course for the United States would be to pull out of the ground defense of Europe and concentrate on air power and the development of some kind of peripheral defense.

However, as the Kremlin is more interested in pushing the United States out of Europe than in any other political objective, it should be the first concern of American diplomacy to see that German rearmament is effectively carried out, that the part of Germany which is still free realizes its potential role

as the strongest ally of the United States on the continent of Europe.

It is absurd to take the view that European defense is of no concern to the United States. Since the war, the creation of a Europe able to defend itself has become a major American political and military objective. If Western Europe has not fallen under the Soviet yoke like Eastern Europe, it is only because the United States has made it clear, most explicitly since the signature of the North Atlantic Treaty, that Soviet aggression against European countries which are still outside the Iron Curtain means war with America.

Hundreds of thousands of American soldiers, sailors and airmen are manning defense stations in Germany and Austria, Britain, France and the Mediterranean area. To say that America could or should be indifferent to the attempt, spear-headed by Communists and eagerly supported by anti-American neutralists, to make Europe incapable of self-defense by denying Germany the right to rearm is to write off these American boys as expendable.

THIS ATTEMPT seemed dangerously close to success when the French Assembly on August 30 rejected the EDC which had originally been a French suggestion. It was designed to achieve two purposes: the rearming of Germany within a framework of European unity and the promotion of closer West European union, political and economic as well as

military. Had the project been ratified, the national armies of France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg would have been fused in a European Army, under the control of a six-nation Commissariat. A six-nation parliament would have come into existence. An old dream of European thinkers of many lands, united Europe, would have been on the way to realization.

But a combination in the French parliament of Moscow fifth columnists, the 100 deputies of the French Communists, and unreconstructed nationalists, actively abetted by the new Prime Minister, Pierre Mendès-France, was strong enough to defeat the EDC treaty after a succession of weak French Cabinets had favored it in words without taking steps to bring it to a vote. It was the hundred Communist votes, in the pocket of a foreign power, that tipped the scale against EDC; the negative vote was 319 to 264.

The defeat of the EDC was hailed with delight in Moscow and by Communists and fellow travelers throughout the world. The whole edifice of European common defense seemed undermined.

Forces of weakness and vision began to appear on all sides. The leadership of the British Labor Party barely succeeded in defeating a drive for a resolution opposing German rearmament headed by ambitious left-winger Aneurin Bevan. The German Social Democrats tried

to cash in politically on the setback which Adenauer had sustained in the defeat of the EDC by pressing their peculiar "strength through weakness" line, urging new talks between the Western powers and Moscow, as if there had not been a long enough exchange of futile words at Berlin last spring.

Fortunately the grave crisis posed by the defeat of EDC elicited a prompt response. A new framework was set up very quickly to replace the one which had collapsed. While the nine-power agreement which was reached at London early in October and confirmed more recently at Paris is open to criticism and questioning on some points of spirit and content, at least it fulfilled the desirable and necessary purpose of filling what was threatening to become a very dangerous void.

THE NEW FORM of West European unity is to be looser, paying more attention to nationalist susceptibilities than the set-up contemplated under EDC, which would have established a very close federation of the six nations concerned. The political instrument of unity is to be the Brussels Treaty of 1948 between Great Britain, France and the Benelux powers. Originally this treaty was directed against any renewal of German aggression. Now it is enlarged by the adhesion of Germany and Italy as new members.

Germany is accepted as a member

of NATO and is given the same right to controlled and limited rearmament which was contemplated under EDC. There is, however, one important difference. The twelve divisions which Germany is supposed to raise and arm during the next years will be a German national army, not a contingent in a European Army. The German troops will be under the authority of General Alfred M. Gruenther, who will take supreme command of all troops in NATO countries in the event of a Soviet attack.

So a broader Atlantic framework for German rearmament has replaced the West European framework which collapsed with the defeat of EDC. British Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden helped to make possible the London Agreement by making a contribution which Great Britain had always refused. This was the promise to maintain British armed forces on the continent at their present strength until and unless a majority of the signatories of the Brussels Treaty consider this unnecessary. Mr. Eden also initiated the idea of reviving and enlarging the Brussels Treaty.

If Mr. Eden supplied the element of persuasion, American Secretary John Foster Dulles supplied the no less important element of pressure. Mr. Dulles's sharp, critical statement after the rejection of the EDC by the French parliament and his pointed omission of Paris on a trip to Europe which included a very

cordial meeting with Chancellor Adenauer excited criticism among those who believe that France can do no wrong.

But there is excellent testimony that these methods of indicating that the United States was not prepared to accept a French veto on German rearmament were not ineffective. Immediately after the London Conference, Prime Minister Mendés-France told a French radio audience that France would have been isolated if it had continued opposition to German rearming after turning down the EDC. Some of France's partners, Mendés-France continued, seriously studied the possibility of making a decision which would have deprived France of any control over German rearming.

WHEN ONE recalls how bleak the prospect in Europe seemed at the end of August, there is ground for qualified satisfaction with the success of the talks at London and Paris. But there is also some cause for concern and reservations. Obviously it was desirable to induce France to cooperate in an alternative scheme of German rearming. American lines of communication to Germany very largely run across France. Merely for geographical reasons France cannot be ignored. But it is possible for France to exact too high a price; and when one reads over carefully the fine print of the London Agreement, it is open to question whether too high

a price has not already been paid.

America's interest in creating a European defense organization is to erect a strong military barrier to Soviet aggression. The successive American NATO commanders, Eisenhower, Ridgway, Gruenther, have been faced with the unpleasant duty of pleading with and sometimes prodding some of the member governments into strengthening their military establishments.

But BRUTO (the abbreviation first suggested for Brussels Treaty Organization) seems to have a very different purpose. Its functions include insuring "the prohibition of the manufacture of certain types of armaments," "control of the level of stocks," making an annual report concerning "the control of armaments," etc. A very ominous provision of the London Agreement states:

"The maximum defense contribution to NATO of all members of the Brussels Treaty Organization will be determined by a special agreement fixing levels which can only be increased by unanimous consent."

All this suggests that the purpose of the organization is not to furnish a counterweight to the present overwhelming Soviet military preponderance, but to check, frustrate and hamstring Germany. It seems doubtful whether an effective alliance, or one which deserves American support, can be founded on such distrust and on the strange principle of making the military effort of the

partners not as strong as possible, but as weak as possible.

So although the admission of Germany to NATO and the too-long-delayed creation of a German Army are to be welcomed as steps in the right direction, it would be premature to assume that the whole problem of European defense has been satisfactorily settled.

The United States Government should set its face like flint against any proposals that would prevent the United States from dealing just as directly with Germany as with Great Britain, France or any power with which we are formally allied.

It was one thing for France, wisely or unwisely, to back out of what was originally a French project, the EDC, because it was feared that too much loss of national sovereignty was involved. Nations have a right to second thoughts. It is quite another thing, and quite inadmissible, for France to assume the right to veto the close American-German political and military partnership which is in the interest of both countries.

WHY IS German rearmament so vital to us? The acceptance of Germany as a full-fledged, equal ally serves two important American objectives, one military, the other political.

First, it plugs a gaping hole in the ground defense of Europe. It is a grotesque situation when fifty million Germans, with proved soldierly qualities and strong anti-

Communist sympathies, are denied the right to raise a regiment of troops for their own defense against the constant threat of the enormous armaments of the Soviet empire.

One should view with distrust a recent tendency among some publicists (Theodore White's *Fire in the Ashes* is a good example) to play up Western and play down Soviet military potential. It is true that in Germany during recent years the numbers of Western troops have increased, while the Soviet forces of occupation have remained stationary. But it is dangerous self-deception not to remember that there is a huge Soviet standing army of 175 divisions and that reinforcements from this army could be poured into Germany much faster than corresponding numbers of American and British troops would be available.

Europe cannot be defended against occupation unless there is at least one strong European power. Unfortunately not one nation on the continent qualifies under this definition today. It is no exaggeration to say that Germany offers the only hope of playing this role.

Second, the rearming of Germany in alliance with America and the West is the most hopeful means of cracking the Iron Curtain. The inner rottenness of the Soviet puppet regime in the Soviet Zone of Germany was exposed on June 17, 1953, when only the presence of Soviet troops made it possible to put down a wide-spread spontaneous uprising.

Without the backing of Soviet occupation troops the Red Quisling regime in the Soviet Zone would not last five minutes.

But so long as there is no German military force in the Federal Republic, discontent in the Soviet Zone will probably find only passive forms of expression, such as the steady flight of refugees into West Germany. (I found 300 such refugees, on the average, arriving every day in West Berlin, during a visit there last summer.)

A change to a more active mood may be expected when well armed West German military units appear along the zonal border, when the old German flags fly and the familiar military marches ring out. The loyalty of the paramilitary and police formations in the Soviet Zone is extremely shaky, as numerous desertions to the West and the complete passivity of these bodies on June 17 showed.

To hold down eighteen million rebellious Germans in the Soviet Zone with the naked force of the Red Army would be possible militarily, but would offer a very bleak and thankless prospect politically. It would represent the kind of situation which Talleyrand once hit off with the quip:

"One can do anything with bayonets — except sit on them."

SOME OPPONENTS of German rearming, in and out of Germany, contend that the German people

are more interested in national unity than in association with the West. But there is really no such alternative. The Soviet Government has never consented to German unification on the only basis that would be acceptable to the overwhelming majority of West Germans, conservatives and socialists alike: free elections accompanied by freedom of speech, press, assembly and political parties. The last "election" in the Soviet Zone late in October followed the usual totalitarian pattern: one official list of candidates, people prodded to the polls by intimidation, a 99.3% majority for the official list.

The Berlin Conference last spring offered conclusive evidence that no amount of talk (so naïvely demanded by opponents of German rearmament) can induce the Soviet Government to relax its grip on the Soviet Zone. But the Soviet occupiers can perhaps be forced out of that Zone by the tremendous upsurge of feeling for unity that could be expected among the people as soon as it was clear that West Germany was being effectively rearmed with the powerful backing of the United States. *And once the chain of Soviet empire snaps in its weakest link, in the Soviet Zone of Germany, the crack-up of the whole jerrybuilt structure of Soviet imperialism in Eastern Europe, with repercussions on the dictatorship in Russia, would become a possibility.*

No wonder Molotov gives the

prevention of German rearmament the highest priority in his foreign policy aims.

WE NOW have the greatest political opportunity of the post-war world, an opportunity which Harry Dexter White and other traitors and political and economic illiterates who advocated "goat pasture" treatment for Germany after the war sought to destroy forever. We can win Germany as a firm ally in the Cold War. But it is an opportunity which must be seized quickly if it is not to vanish forever.

Die-hard opponents of German rearming, whose voices are not entirely stilled, the Communists, the fellow travelers, the prisoners of the hates and memories of the last war, offer contradictory reasons for their opposition. Sometimes they predict that a rearmed Germany will pass over to the Soviet side. Sometimes they scare up a different bogey: that Germany will drag other powers into a war for the recovery of its lost eastern provinces.

These fears ignore the tremendous shift in the balance of world power during the last fifteen years. Only the United States and the Soviet Union could be principals in another great war. One look at the map should dispose of the idea that Germany could independently be a threat to world peace. Even if Germany over the next two or three years builds up the twelve divisions

contemplated under the London Agreement, it would be madness for Germany to start an offensive war against the Soviet Union, in which it would be the first devastated battleground.

Of course no one can guarantee with absolute certainty what will happen in Germany after the passing of Adenauer, or in a more distant future. But to the question: "Can we trust the Germans?" the logical answer is another question: "Can we trust the French? Or the Italians? Or the Yugoslavs?"

Policy should be made on the basis of present dangers and national attitudes, not of obsolete memories of the past and vague speculations about the unknown future. Given this proposition, the case for making Germany a full-fledged American ally is overwhelming. Here is a country with a high degree of national unity, with proved industrial and military capacity, with a negligible Communist fifth column and a bitter sense of grievance against the Soviet Union. What more could we ask in an ally?

On the boldness, skill and persistence of American diplomacy in seeing that the London agreements are not only ratified but interpreted in such a way as to develop German power quickly and efficiently depends in large part the answer to the question whether we will win victory or suffer defeat in an important sector of the Cold War.

DOINGS *of a* DEMOCRACY

By HAROLD HELFER

- ✓ Sick and tired of complaints, George Brancato, Baltimore weather forecaster, offered to bet anyone 2-1 his forecasts are right.
- ✓ Elizabeth Johnston, 14-year-old daughter of Senator Olin D. Johnston of South Carolina, decided that her teachers at junior high school expected too much of her when she listed her father's occupation as "U.S. Senator" on school records. This year, upon entering a Washington area school, she merely listed her father as a "government worker."
- ✓ Charles Rockwell, chairman of the Governor's Traffic Safety Committee in Arizona and spearhead of a campaign against traffic violators, had his automobile license revoked in Phoenix for eight driving violations.
- ✓ A Government survey team looking into problems of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service reported as follows: "It is probably unnecessary to observe that since fish, game and wild fowl don't read, some of the legislation and directives under which the Service operates often fail to serve their well-intentioned purpose."
- ✓ Sign at a roadhouse near Fort Worth, Texas: "Yankee Spoken Here."
- ✓ In Cedar Rapids, Iowa, a six-year-old boy who owns a small motorized car was charged with operating the vehicle without a license.
- ✓ Lafayette, Indiana, highway officials had under consideration another bypass to bypass the bypass that bypassed the town. It seems that the new bypass designed to do away with congested traffic has become too congested.
- ✓ Only 40 persons sought shelter at the City Hall in Morehead City, North Carolina, during a hurricane and Mayor George W. Dill explained why the number was so few: "They're all at home watching the hurricane on television."

A Swiss Mountain

BY JANET WILLIAMS

HANDSOME FRITZ FREY, his black hair shot with silver, lounged at the flower-banked, heated pool on the grounds of his Burgenstock Hotel Estate—the Palace, the Grand and the Park—high up in the Swiss Alps. In a moment of relaxation, he was sipping a drink.

Within sight was rose-colored, snow-crested Mt. Jungfrau (The Maiden) offering a challenge from her 12,500-foot crown to the swimmers, strollers, and cocktail drinkers. Below the terrace, white sails dotted the deep blue waters of Lake Lucerne. Just a rifle shot away is the holy spot called Rutli, where Swiss Independence was born in 1291, and not far away the forest where the legendary William Tell shot the apple from his son's head.

Frey sighed and turning to his guest said, "This is the political and geographical center of Switzerland."

"You are internationally known as an electrical engineer," the guest said. "How did you ever get into the hotel business?"

Frey smiled.

"It's a long story," he answered, "but first let me say that being a

good hotelman does not necessarily mean being a good engineer. But an engineer who converts into a hotelman has many advantages on his side, as I will show you."

The beautiful hotels, with iron grill balconies, clinging vines and Old World charm; the superb scenery with sky, lake, earth and mountains changing color minute by minute with nature's own kaleidoscope; the lush gardens with flowers in wanton red, blue, pink, green, white and yellow; the invigorating air—well, it's trite to write it, but here goes: Burgenstock belies description.

Eighty years ago the Burgenstock region, then consisting of mountain pastures, goat paths and forests, was devoid of roads.

Today the Burgenstock enterprise embraces three hotels and a private club accommodating more than 500 guests; six miles of roads and paths leading through fragrant pine forests and across green mountain meadows; a sporty 2,450-yard golf course, three tennis courts and a private beach with crystal-clear water; an underwater bar where one can drink

a drink and see what the royal families of Europe and Hollywood look like while submerged; the amazing funicular (cable railroad) and the Hammetschwad Lift, the highest and quickest open passenger elevator in Europe (moving, in 60 seconds, 553 feet from the Cliff Walk to the Mountain House); and a boat service on Lake Lucerne. It all adds up to the largest private hotel enterprise in Switzerland.

THE STORY of the Burgenstock dates back to 1870," said Frey. "A Swiss parquet floor manufacturer named Joseph Bucher-Durrer was looking for new ways to promote his business. He concentrated on hotels to better display his products. Soon the hotel side of this project grew to such proportions and so amazed him that he decided to go into the hotel business.

"In a few short years, he became one of Switzerland's foremost hotel pioneers and built not only numerous hotels in our own country, but also the Hotel Quirinal in Rome, the Palace in Milano and the Semiramis in Egypt."

It was in 1870 that Bucher-Durrer inspected (and purchased most of) the beautiful Burgenstock Peninsula. He first built a road from the valley and a funicular from the lake up to Mt. Burgenstock and, between 1872 and 1888, built his three hotels atop a plateau, 3,000 feet above sea level and 1,500 feet above Lake Lucerne. It was a prosperous ven-

ture, until the outbreak of World War I. Tourists disappeared. Bucher-Durrer had died and his heirs lacked interest in managing the resort. The hotels were closed.

"In 1925," said Frey, "there was a report that a Czech magnate intended to buy the Burgenstock Estate. This rumor upset my father. Sure, he was an engineer who had never had anything to do with the hotel business. But he was a loyal Swiss and he revolted against the idea that a few miles from William Tell's land, where the Swiss Federation had its beginning in 1291, one of the finest places in all Switzerland was to go into foreign hands. He made up his mind and bought the whole place. That was the moment when the Frey family and the Burgenstock Estate became one."

Frey likes to talk about his father, Friedrich Frey-Furst, who died two years ago, naming his son sole heir to the vast enterprise.

"My father was a hard worker," Frey said. "He worked all his life. First, to pay for his studies and become an electrical engineer; then to open and operate his own plants, which, step by step, he established. Finally, he worked just because he liked working. The impetus of his life were his work and his family. He founded and operated the Electrical Works in Reichenbach, and Electro-Chemical Plant in Meiringen, and the leading Swiss electrical firm, Frey, Ltd., Lucerne, which, in addition to my hotel activities, I now direct."

In 1925, when Frey-Furst's patriotism brought to the family the Grand, Palace and Park Hotels, Burgenstock, a cable railroad and an outdoor lift, people wondered what would happen. How can an electrical engineer without any hotel experience make a go of a completely run-down resort? Most people shrugged and those who felt it their duty to comment on his fool's venture were cut short by Frey-Furst's laconic comment: "I'll show you." And he did.

FREY-FURST's theory of running a resort was very simple: What else should a hotel be but a home? He frankly admitted he knew nothing about managing a hotel, but he did know all about an ideal home. So he set himself to work and proved his theory was right.

The first task was to modernize the interior of the hotels, by putting in bathrooms, enlarging the public rooms and adding all those extra facilities one expects to find in a modern home. Modernizing was done with the sole purpose of creating an atmosphere which was both luxurious and home-like. Rooms, suites, public rooms, bars were furnished with Oriental rugs, antique furniture, paintings and tapestries.

"My father's cherished hobby was the collection of originals by the old masters," said Frey. "Long before he purchased the hotels he had a wonderful collection and since he was determined to convert his hotels

into the finest of homes, he did not hesitate a moment to decorate them with his collection, which would be the pride of any museum. In the public rooms are priceless paintings by Rubens, Van Dyck, Tintoretto, Correggio, and many others. Connoisseurs are particularly interested in the Gobelin Tapestries. And I must mention the charming little chapel with its Gothic Madonna and other ancient wood sculptures."

Beside the business of modernizing, other great tasks were ahead when the Freys took over. Roads were built to connect the resort with the valley. Paths were hewed through the rocks. Garages were built on terraced concrete constructions — and rebuilt again and again to handle the steadily increasing motor traffic. An electrical works was constructed to provide electricity, and to pump water 1,500 feet up the mountain. Greenhouses were built and all sporting facilities had to be carved out of solid rock.

The tennis courts were blasted out of forest and rock ledges.

"But the construction of our golf course was the toughest job of all," laughed Frey. "With the aid of tons of dynamite, we blew up 2,500 yards of forest and rock. All the soil had to be brought up from the very bottom of the valley over a winding road. As Father was a passionate golfer, this was a work of love. Our course today is one of the sportiest and most scenic — I believe — in all the world."

FREY had a long-cherished plan for a swimming pool. Like the tennis courts, and the golf course, it was difficult to plan, because the spot indicated was actually a forest. More than a thousand trees were cut down and some 5,000 tons of rock blown up and carted away to make room for a beautiful, heated swimming pool, a submarine bar, garden areas, and terraces for sunbathing and dancing.

"I told you that being a good hotelman does not necessarily mean being a good engineer, and vice versa. There are many advantages in not being a hotelman when taking over a hotel. Here is what I mean.

"First of all, the financial security. If you own a business apart from the hotel you are going to manage, and if such business is prosperous, you run no risk — whatever might happen to your hotel. The financial background allows you to operate on a large scale.

"Second, not trained in and not bound by any hotel tradition, you have a more personal view on food, service, accommodation, entertainment and everything else. The success of any first-class hotel where guests stay for extended periods is based on personal attention and individual care. Here your personal initiative comes in wonderfully.

"Third, if you are an engineer and happen to find yourself suddenly the owner of a hotel estate like the Burgenstock, high above Lake Lucerne with vast grounds of cliffs, rocks, and woods, you are downright fascinated by the engineering fields which open before you. A mountain hotel is not to be compared with a city hotel, where all necessary facilities are brought right to your door. It is so much more work, and so much more interesting.

"More than a quarter of a century of work and investments connect the Freys with the Burgenstock estate. What originally was a hobby of my father became the task of life to me. Engineer though I am, I am now, first, a passionate hotelman."

Frey was standing now. One could almost see the rose colors of the frosty Maiden reflected in his eyes.

"I forgot to tell you my very best story," he said. "When Hitler was in his heyday, my father was informed that Hitler had built the fastest lift in all Europe. My father was furious. He called in all the electrical engineers, and told them what he had heard.

" 'Hitler, bah!' he exclaimed. 'I will not have it. Speed up our lift

"Within a matter of days the lift became the fastest in all Europe — and is today."





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FOREIGN LEGION

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By George Fielding Eliot

OUR MILITARY establishment is incomplete because it is not capable of meeting every type of emergency with which the American government and people may have to deal.

Specifically, it is not capable of coping with the small-war racket — the constant nibbling of the Communist rodents at the fringes of the free world, particularly in Asia.

We can fight a big war if we have to, and today we could probably win it — at a price. But we are not willing to pay that price, in our own blood and in untold damage to our homes and workshops and all that makes up the American way of life, over every miserable incident that may be thrust upon us by the eternal Communist pressures along the vast frontiers of the Red empire.

Yet we cannot stand idly by while

the free nations who are unlucky enough to live along those frontiers are nibbled to death, either. If we do, the Communists will continue to make piecemeal gains — such as they have just made in Northern Vietnam. In the end, we'll have to make a stand somewhere — fighting a big war after the Reds have swallowed up vast resources in manpower, food and raw material sources, and after free peoples everywhere have lost confidence in our willingness to take risks to help them.

The threat of massive retaliation — that is, of the direct use of our air-atomic-hydrogen power against hostile centers of industry and population — is our great deterrent, our Big Stick. But it deters only when the other fellow has good reason to think it will be used. Thus the frontiers of the free world in Western

Europe are comparatively "hard" frontiers, because for the most part they are protected by the sanctions of the North Atlantic Treaty, which means the threat of U.S. strategic air power; and they are further protected by a growing force of ground troops and tactical aviation, largely contributed by the countries immediately concerned but stiffened by the actual presence of U.S. and British ground and tactical air forces. If the Russians try any tricks along these frontiers, they are in for it — they will take no risks there unless they are prepared for the Big Jump.

But in Asia, anywhere east of the borders of Turkey (which is a member of NATO), the situation is by no means as "hard." Iran, Afghanistan, Nepal, Burma, Laos, Cambodia, South Vietnam, Thailand, Indonesia are all "soft spots" — tempting fields for Red nibbling.

THE SMALL WAR — the war of limited objective, in which our purpose is not to destroy the enemy root and branch (at the price of suffering a considerable measure of destruction ourselves) but to force him to abandon a local and limited objective of his own, is very largely a matter for ground forces with tactical air support.

The enemy's objective is to possess himself of a given piece of real estate, with its inhabitants and material resources more or less intact, and to convert these resources and this manpower to his further purposes.

By this example he hopes to convince still others as yet unassailed of the futility of resistance to the Red Wave of the Future and of the folly of depending on American promises of aid and comfort in the hour of need. Our objective, therefore, is to prevent him from doing this; to defeat and throw back his invading or infiltrating forces and to preserve the freedom of the area which he is attacking.

This cannot be done by promises of air and naval support, supplies, money, or military advisory groups. It has to be done by soldiers on the ground, ready to contest the possession of the real estate in question with guerrillas, regular troops, or fifth columnists. No people will believe in any help of which they can see no visible sign. No such help will be effective, in their terms, unless it is capable of preventing a band of Reds from coming into a peaceful village and killing anyone they don't like the looks of.

Air power, sea power, military advisors and Uncle Sam's check book cannot do this. Only ground troops can do it.

But they cannot be American ground troops — at least not in large numbers. Our ground troops are composed in large part of young draftees, drawn from the population of our country, under laws which provide for our military security. The folks at home don't care too much for the draft law anyway; they will not stand for the drafted lad

being shipped off to defend far-flung frontiers in odd corners of the world.

True, they stood for it in Korea — but that was one (though not the only) reason why the Korean War eventually became such a terrific political liability. They very clearly would not have stood for it in Vietnam. The American people are willing to do their own fighting, if fight they must; but they have a well-based instinct that in the matter of local defense, other people ought to do *their* own fighting, too.

AND SO, of course, they ought. In some cases, they do. When we are dealing with a nation of natural-born, tough-fibered soldiers like the Greeks, we can get along very nicely with giving them material support and technical advice. The Greeks had both the will and the ability to do their own fighting. Moreover they had an army in being. With an assured flow of American arms and equipment and the advice of a good U.S. military mission, they could defend themselves, and they did — successfully.

The Koreans, too, are natural-born, tough-fibered fighting people. But in 1950, when the Red whistle blew, they did not have much of an army in being; they had the will to fight, but not the training or the hardware. So it took a lot of American ground troops to bolster them until we had constructed the ROK army pretty well from the ground up. It is not too much to say that

without the prompt arrival of our skeleton, under-strength infantry and artillery units from Japan, Korea would have been overrun in four or five months. Luckily for the independence of the Republic of Korea, Japan with its American army of occupation was close at hand. Other countries may not be so lucky.

So where does this leave us?

We can't station American ground troops all over the world, or use them at every alarm if we could.

Which brings us to the idea of a foreign legion.

In all ages, governments which have found it politically difficult to use their own citizens for specific military purposes have resorted to the hiring of foreign mercenaries. Often enough this has been done (as in the case of Carthage) because the people at home had grown too selfish and lazy to do fighting which they could hire other people to do for them. Or, as in the case of the British when they hired German troops to fight in their continental wars or in North America, mercenaries had to be used because the voters would not stand for conscription and enough volunteers did not come forward to make up the required numbers.

In more recent times, both the French and Spanish have raised and employed foreign legions for colonial warfare and garrison duties which were unpopular at home and for which, in consequence, the drafted regulars could not be used without a lot of political uproar.

The United States has now reached a military situation in which we require a reasonable force of well-trained, well-equipped ground troops for duties in which the use of American troops (especially drafted men) would be unpopular and probably impossible.

There seems no good reason why we should not resort to the same device which has in the past served other governments faced with similar, though not perhaps identical, difficulties.

An American foreign legion would have as its specific mission the building up of a force of ground troops *in readiness to aid free governments* which might request and be granted American military assistance to resist Communist aggression.

It would be chiefly composed of infantry, since small wars in their initial stages, especially when they involve guerrilla fighting and coping with infiltrators or local subversive elements, are likely to require infantry more than any other arm. At any rate, a beginning could be made with infantry, leaving for later consideration — in the light of experience — the question of providing armor, artillery and supporting aviation.

As a start, two infantry regiments might be raised, one to be stationed in Okinawa for use in the Far East, the other to be stationed somewhere in the Middle Eastern region by arrangement with any of our Allies

that might be willing to give the outfit a base site.

The men should be enlisted for five years, with the option of re-enlisting for further five-year periods as long as they were physically fit and until reaching a fixed upper age limit. The pay ought not to be on the American scale, but on a scale to be fixed in proper relation to the average pay of the local armies in the Far East and Middle East respectively. It could be considerably above this average, in order to be attractive to prospective recruits without coming anywhere near the American rate. A further attraction could be the right to apply for American citizenship after completing one or two five-year enlistment under honorable conditions.

Finally, after completing fifteen years of satisfactory service, the foreign legion soldier should become eligible for retirement benefits — which would be increased with longer term of service and would be so adjusted as to give the man a chance for a decent compensation in his older years.

THERE ARE plenty of men of good fighting stock in Asia and Africa who would be only too happy to enlist in such a force, with fair pay and pension guaranteed by the U.S. Government.

Even today, the British in Malaya are using Gurkha mercenaries from Nepal — eight battalions of them — as well as troops from East Africa

the Fiji Islands and British North Borneo. The French in Indo-China have been using their own Foreign Legion, and troops from North and West Africa as well. There is no reason why we cannot do something along this line, with considerable advantage to ourselves and to the free world.

The officers of such a foreign legion should, at the outset, be very carefully selected American officers — Army or Marine Corps. Our Armed Forces have had a lot of experience in the training and general direction of foreign forces during the past few years. We have military missions in Europe, Asia, and Latin America. Literally thousands of U.S. officers have served in close association with foreign troops — notably in Greece and in the reconstruction of the ROK Army, but also in many other parts of the world. So we have the officers to start with. Later on, as the foreign legion developed, it ought to be possible to open the way to a commission to legionnaires, possibly after serving the necessary time to qualify for American citizenship.

As far as possible, the noncommissioned officers should be legionnaires from the start, though in some specialist jobs it might be necessary to use Americans for a while until a scheme for selecting and training legionary noncoms could be worked out.

For security reasons (as a bar to Communist "penetration") it might

be better to have men of various races and types mixed in each company unit. Unfortunately, considerations of religion, custom, and especially dietary rules will not permit this to be carried too far. Probably the British Indian plan of having companies composed of a single race, but mixing companies of various races in the battalion, might be the best compromise.

THE fear of Communist penetration has been one of the main objections put forward to this foreign legion proposition (which has been talked over in the Pentagon circles off and on since its advantages began to be apparent). But there are protective measures that can be taken. One of them, as already remarked, is the mixed battalion — which makes it harder for the Communist penetrator to spread his message widely, and easier to detect his presence.

Another safeguard is a reasonable amount of screening of recruits (by reasonable I mean just that — to apply the security standards of the American services would just mean you wouldn't get any acceptable recruits at all: the decision would have to rest on the judgment of an experienced recruiting staff rather than on exhaustive investigation of each individual applicant).

A third and perhaps the most important safeguard is firm discipline coupled with sound leadership by well-chosen officers, of the type

calculated to attract and hold the loyalty of men of alien races. The British, the French and the Dutch have a wealth of experience in methods of choosing and training such officers, which might in some part be useful to us in building up our foreign legion.

Also, as long as the foreign legion is confined to infantry units, there isn't too much in the way of secret equipment that can be "compromised" by a soldier who might be planted in its ranks for the purpose of getting what information he could and then deserting to the Reds.

It's likely that any loss we might suffer from Communist penetration of the legion would be more than made up for by the vast moral value of having on actual display a legion of "Fighters for Freedom" — men of many races, denied for one reason or another the privilege of fighting Communism under their own flags, who are nevertheless willing to enlist under our flag to bobble the Communist world conspiracy and to establish the safety of their own concept of freedom.

The Communists themselves have worked this game threadbare — from the Abraham Lincoln Brigade in Spain through the International Brigade in Yugoslavia down to the Chinese Peoples' Volunteers in Korea. They are always trying to give the world the impression that young men all over the world are willing to offer their blood for the dear old Kremlin. We, with far greater effect

and far more sincerity, could offer visible proof that young men from many lands are willing to offer their blood to destroy the Communist conspiracy root and branch.

THE SUGGESTION that our foreign legion might start with just two infantry regiments may seem a pitifully meager proposal to those who have been accustomed to read of Communist armies numbered in the millions, of 175 Soviet divisions or of 100-odd Chinese Red divisions. But a start has to be made somewhere; better a small, carefully planned beginning than one too grandiose in scope to allow that thorough attention to small details which is essential to future progress.

One concluding point — it is not to be supposed that a foreign legion, under the American flag, can be employed in any hostilities in which the United States is not involved as a nation. Its purpose is merely to give us a force of non-American ground troops to avoid the political obstacle that arises from any proposed use of drafted U.S. troops in small wars.

So used, it seems to me that a legion of free men, volunteers all fighting under our flag for the cause of the freedom of all peoples, might well prove both an inspiration to free peoples everywhere, and a most useful military instrument for preventing that freedom from being nibbled away by the Red rats of Moscow and Peiping.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ HOW THE STARS COUNTER COLDS

By Doron K. Antrim

IF YOU should happen to visit the dressing room of Dinah Shore prior to a public performance, you might find her standing on her head — or at least getting her feet up. She does it to prevent and cure colds.

Nor is this cold treatment as non-sensical as it seems. Dinah's headstand gets a rush of red blood to the nasal passages, which, according to Dinah, flushes out the cold bugs and tones up the whole vital area. Anyway, it makes sense to Dinah. It helps ward off colds, she finds. And that's very important to her.

To most of us, a snuffle is just a nuisance. To a singer or actor, a cold is costly. It could mean the loss of engagements, money, prestige. If a top singer misses one concert engagement, he loses from \$3,000 up. If a TV star drops out for a week, he drops a sizable stake. As a consequence, singers and actors will move mountains to stay in circulation. Too, stars have extra cold hazards connected with their work — dusty, drafty stages; air conditioned stu-

dios — all of which is another reason why they give the common cold an uncommon amount of attention.

Since stars have to deal with this micro-organism, which still eludes the wonder drugs, I wondered what they do. So I asked a number of them, specifically, how they knock a pending cold quickly so the show can go on or how they prevent colds. Maybe, I mused, the stars can offer a shred of hope to the twenty-million or so U.S. citizens who have bouts with this bug every year.

I found the favorite for a quick knockout of a cold to be the sweat-it-out-in-bed technique, with varia-



tions. At the first sneeze and chill, Jack Benny ducks under the covers.

"I hold no brief," he says, "for the hairy-chested gent who tries to fight a cold on his feet. I find that a spell in bed during the early stages is the best treatment for a cold that might otherwise hang on for two weeks. Besides, I find bed a delightful place. I sometimes wonder why one ever gets up."

Ann Sothern saved a TV appearance one time when a cold threatened with this treatment: First, a glass of half-and-half rye and lemon juice, piping hot. Next, a compress of hot towels to the chest. Then a piling on of woolen blankets until perspiration oozes from every pore. Finally, absolute quiet and sleep for a few hours, or until one feels better.

A FEW dissenters, however, feel that going to bed is just coddling yourself. Cary Grant, for instance, swathes himself in a woolen scarf and takes a long walk. James Cagney takes a stiff workout at the gym.

When a cold threatens work on a picture, Gregory Peck takes bicarbonate of soda mixed in cold water, three glasses a day, and gargles pure lemon juice every two hours. Peck claims that the right way to gargle is to lie down, throw

back the head, take a deep breath, and let the liquid down as far as it will go without swallowing. Then make it percolate by saying the word, "row," rolling the "r."

When he feels a cold impending, Edward G. Robinson finds altitude opens up his nasal passages like magic, so he takes a plane ride. Once when a cold threatened a singing engagement of Lily Pons, she ate some garlic sandwiches and made her scheduled appearance, although her accompanist almost succumbed to asphyxiation. Now she's crazy about garlic as a prevention and cure. She even gives it to the dog.

"People who make a habit of eating garlic," she says with conviction, "are singularly free from nose and throat infection." She failed to mention what the people do who have to live with the people who eat garlic.

How to have a cold and not appear to have it is one of Hollywood's graver problems. Rosalind Russell suggests the following: frequent cold compresses to eyes to buck up drooping orbs, so they won't lose that come hither look; also, a minimum of mascara, and cream over lipstick to keep lips moist and mobile.

For prevention of colds, the stars put their trust in assorted lucky charm prescriptions.



Van Heflin insists he cured a cold by sitting under the arc lamps used in Technicolor. So he wards off colds by sitting under these lamps between scenes.

Kate Smith heads a cult that shuns steam heat and cries for fresh air. Kate says steam heat dries out her throat and makes her susceptible to colds. She prefers the outside terrace anytime to a room with a radiator. When winter really sets in, she departs for Lake Placid in the Adirondacks where she belongs to the Snow Birds Club.

SOME singers have conflicting ideas about fresh air. Lauritz Melchior, for instance, hunts bears in Alaska, sleeping out under the stars. Back home, he slumbers with the windows shut.

As for drafts, there are two schools of thought among the stars. One says to shun the slightest draft as you would the measles. The other claims that you will cease to fear drafts and colds if you show your utter contempt for them.

Last winter, Susan Hayward decided to test the latter. She took a hot bath, then stood for some minutes before an open window. Don't

misunderstand. The Venetian blinds were down. No cold developed. So Susan is no longer bluffed by drafts and says it's a psychological help.

Some stars think odors bring on colds. Several years ago, following a personal appearance, the Lily Pons apartment was filled with flowers. Next day she came down with a bad cold. Flowers around the house have been taboo with her ever since — excepting calla lilies, which have no scent.

But dust is considered the worst of all cold-bearing evils to which the stars are exposed. Dust, they find, causes throat dryness, soreness, hoarseness, bronchitis, to list a few of the evils. Under the best of conditions, stage stars have a certain amount of dust to contend with and

visit their doctors to get their tubes and sinuses swabbed out more or less frequently.

Probably the all-time dustiest show, and one having a record run, was "Tobacco Road." The ten tons of Jer-

sey dirt on the stage was a constant source of throat irritation to the actors. Sam Byrd, who played Dude Lester, spent \$100 a month just getting his sinuses swabbed out, and even then he could not keep them



clear. He finally had to quit the show.

Byrd's chief defense was chewing gum. He bought it by the carton. The gum acted as a lubricant and kept his mouth moist. It also collected dust and was renewed every few minutes.

MANY of the stars consider diet important to prevent colds. They eat sparingly of sweets, white bread and potatoes, believing an acid condition invites colds. Helen Hayes goes in for raw and cooked green and yellow vegetables, and insists that water in which the green vegetables have been cooked should also be served. Judy Garland eats plenty of spinach mixed with lemon juice.

But the one defense diet which gets the largest vote is fruit juice. The stars consume enough orange, pineapple and lemon juice to float the *Queen Mary*. Rise Stevens once found that by drinking water until it almost ran out of her ears she could cure a watery nose. Ever since, she takes eight glasses of liquid a day, water and fruit juices.

After all, there may be something to Ezio Pinza's claim that singers have a higher HQ (Health Quotient) and fewer colds than the rank and file. "Singers know how to breathe," he said in explanation. "They use all the lungs, not just one

little portion, as do most people. Shallow breathing invites infection in the unused portion of the lungs."

"Doctor" Pinza recommends that one do some deep breathing every day, with sniffing as a variant. Here's his prescription:

Sniff in four times quickly in succession and out twice, keeping up the rhythmic sequence. You'll sound like an old-fashioned locomotive getting under way, but never mind. Vary the sequence by using five, six, seven and eight sniffs in and corresponding exhalations. This gives a kick to the diaphragm and fills the lungs to the brim.

Then do some singing — if you must, in the bathroom. It's a grand place to sound off. The acoustics are good. You have no inhibitions and your voice sounds like a million. Really let go.

"Take it from me," concluded Pinza, "if you follow this formula, you'll have fewer colds, not to mention a sweeter disposition."

It might be worth trying. But remember, this is not a disquisition on what you should do about colds. First, see your doctor.

There's this much to be said, though. The stars have to do something about this common enemy since their livelihood is involved. If the same urgency confronted the rest of us, we might rise up and put this old bugaboo in its place.



FLANDERS

of Vermont

BY J. B. MATTHEWS

HAD IT not been for his connection with the McCarthy issue, Ralph Edward Flanders would have remained one of the more obscure members of the United States Senate — his very name, to say nothing of his labors, unknown to millions of Americans.

Senator Flanders may have reached a state of senility, as alleged by Senator McCarthy; but he unquestionably possessed a remarkable agility. With one jump, he bounded from obscurity to notoriety.

It was, perhaps, natural for Senator Flanders to fret more and more — he's in his 75th year — at the thought of his inconspicuous Senate

record, and to seek a remedy for his obscurity by plunging into the national limelight of the McCarthy controversy. If hundreds of other fellows could make national headlines by attacking McCarthy, why not he?

The Watkins Censure Committee included in its report the following statement: "The evidence shows that on June 11, 1954, Senator Flanders walked into the Senate caucus room where Senator McCarthy was testifying before a vast television audience in the Army-McCarthy hearings, and unexpectedly gave Senator McCarthy notice of an intended speech attacking Senator

McCarthy which he proposed forthwith to deliver on the Senate floor. . . ."

Millions of Americans who witnessed, on their television screens, this startling spectacle of the aging Senator from Vermont would say that Flanders floundered into the caucus room. As the television floodlights picked him up at the door of the caucus room and followed him as he stumbled along to the witness chair in which McCarthy sat, it was obvious that Flanders' publicity aides had given notice of his impending act to the television cameramen.

They say that McCarthy is headline-hungry. Be that as it may, Flanders was certainly on the verge of starvation — as thin as Job's turkey or Old Mother Hubbard's poor dog (not a bird dog or a kennel dog, please note!). And so, on June 11, 1954, thanks to the innovation of televised Senate proceedings, Ralph Edward Flanders sat down to as sumptuous a publicity meal as was ever set before a Solon with a lean and haggard look.

SOME time before the Flanders' flounder across the caucus room, the Senator from Vermont had delivered a speech on the Senate floor in which he attacked the Senator from Wisconsin with an innuendo unparalleled for its foulness in the entire history of the United States Senate. In referring to this particular speech, the Watkins Censure Committee said that Flanders had

"made provocative speeches in respect to Senator McCarthy on the Senate floor." To describe the Flanders speeches as "provocative" is to produce a masterpiece of understatement. Many a man in unofficial life has been horsewhipped for the kind of innuendo included in one of the Flanders Senate speeches.

After the incident of the caucus room by which Flanders achieved his national notoriety, newsmen asked McCarthy for comment. McCarthy thereupon delivered his famous characterization of his Senatorial colleague: "Senile — I think they should get a man with a net and take him to a good quiet place." Considering all the circumstances of Flanders' conduct — both in the caucus room and in his unprecedented vilification of McCarthy on the Senate floor — McCarthy's comment was the essence of good humor.

In a garbled version of one of Flanders' charges against McCarthy, the apparently illiterate members of the Watkins Censure Committee make it appear that the one word, *senile*, is an example of "vulgar and base language." Look it up on page 46 of their report! Seeing is believing. The six members of the Watkins Committee may be well versed in the law; but they have demonstrated their ignorance of the English language. There is not the slightest basis in any English dictionary for saying that the word *senile* is "vulgar and base." It is, of course, possible that the six Watkins Committee

Senators adopted, without reading, a report which was written by their counsel, E. Wallace Chadwick, and his staff. Chadwick himself may be touchy on the subject of senility: like Flanders, he is in his seventies.

WHETHER Senator Flanders launched his foul attack on Senator McCarthy on his own initiative or whether others, working behind the scenes, put him up to it, was a question which occurred to many who heard him read his first anti-McCarthy speech on the Senate floor. Throughout the reading, he floundered as though he did not grasp the significance of what he was saying.

Furthermore, it had been noted that agents of a vicious left-wing propaganda organization had been going in and out of Senator Flanders' offices. It is even reported that the agents of this organization and the members of Senator Flanders' staff were working so closely with each other that some of Flanders' own staff thought the outsiders had been added to the Senator's payroll.

Under relentless questioning by Senator Knowland, Flanders admitted on the Senate floor that he was being aided by the National Committee for an Effective Congress. This outfit operates from offices at 680 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. It will bear investigation. It would seem relevant for the Watkins Censure Committee to have looked into this organization which

had originated and was pushing the latest series of fake charges against Senator McCarthy; but Senator Watkins and his five colleagues were strangely indifferent to this and many other relevant aspects of the McCarthy matter.

Any old time a committee comes up with an answer which is pleasing to the Communists, it is assured of the congratulations of the American Civil Liberties Union. To ignore or to omit anything favorable to an anti-Communist is a mark of the judicious approach; and that is exactly what the top officials of the American Civil Liberties Union have said with respect to the report of the Watkins Censure Committee. In 37 years of the history of the Communist movement in the United States, the Communist Party has never been able to do as much for itself as the American Civil Liberties Union has done for it.

To anybody who knows and cares about the Communist conspiracy, the American Civil Liberties Union gave the kiss of death to the report of the Watkins Censure Committee. In a letter published in the *New York Times* of September 30, 1954, the ACLU said: "All in all, the report of this committee is one of the great milestones in the history of American civil liberties." The letter was signed by Ernest Angell, Chairman, Board of Directors, and Patrick Murphy Malin, Executive Director, American Civil Liberties Union.

Inasmuch as the Watkins Censure Committee, by its perverted standards of what was and what was not judicious, chose to ignore the principal originators and backers of the fake charges against Senator McCarthy, it becomes imperative for others to expose the true character of the National Committee for an Effective Congress.

DURING the past year, the National Committee for an Effective Congress dropped from its Board of Advisors the name of James Roosevelt. This is significant. What organization set up for any purpose whatsoever could bear the moral burden of this particular Roosevelt on its letterhead?

Before leaving the subject of James Roosevelt and his membership on the Board of Advisors of the National Committee for an Effective Congress, it should be recorded that a few years ago Roosevelt was a \$25,000-a-year executive of the Communist organization, the Independent Citizens Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions.

Having dropped James Roosevelt from its Board of Advisors, the National Committee for an Effective Congress was left with a list of thirty-nine board members. Twenty-four of these advisors, or sixty percent, have had affiliations with the Communist-front movement. Not one of them has ever repudiated his Communist connections to the point of becoming known as an anti-Com-

munist. The overwhelming majority of them belong in the category of anti-anti-Communists.

Let us examine the records of some of the men mixed up in this organization which did Flanders' smear writing for him.

GARDNER JACKSON is a member of the board of advisors of the National Committee for an Effective Congress. Jackson's record of left-wing activities, including extensive affiliations with the Communist-front conspiracy, covers a period of many years.

In October, 1941, the Special Committee on Un-American Activities of the House of Representatives, under the chairmanship of Martin Dies, submitted to the Attorney General of the United States, in compliance with an act of the House of Representatives of June 28, 1941, the Communist-front record of Gardner Jackson.

Jackson was then an employee with the title of principal economist in the Department of Agriculture. The House Committee's record, as submitted to the Attorney General, Francis Biddle, read as follows: sponsor, Conference on Constitutional Liberties in America; sponsor, Conference on Pan American Democracy; sponsor, Consumers Union; chairman, Council for Pan American Democracy; legislative representative, Council of U.S. Veterans, Inc.; member, executive board, Council of U.S. Veterans, Inc.; sponsor, Daughters of the American Depres-

sion; vice-president, Film Audiences for Democracy; vice-president, Films for Democracy; member, advisory board, Frontier Films; signer of call, Congress of Youth; panel speaker, Greater New York Emergency Conference on Inalienable Rights; signer, Letter Protesting Ban on Communists in American Civil Liberties Union; sponsor, National Council to Aid Agricultural Labor; signer of open letter on Dies Committee, National Emergency Conference for Democratic Rights; member, National Peoples Committee Against Hearst; member, Non-Partisan Committee for the Re-election of Congressman Vito Marcantonio; endorser, Pamphlet on Mooney Case by Marcantonio; member, Washington Committee for Democratic Action; sponsor, Washington Committee for Democratic Action; speaker, Workers Alliance Conference; speaker, national conference, Workers Alliance of America.

Fifteen of the foregoing affiliations of Gardner Jackson were with organizations which have been cited as Communist by the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Eight were with organizations cited as Communist by the Attorney General of the United States.

In addition to the foregoing record, Gardner Jackson was affiliated, according to public records, with the following Communist fronts and enterprises: *The Lantern* (a magazine); American Friends of Spanish Democracy; National Committee on

Atomic Information; and Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. The latter organization was recently the subject of extensive public hearings by the Subversive Activities Control Board.

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, II, famous librettist, is another member of the board of advisors of the National Committee for an Effective Congress. According to public records, he has been affiliated with the following left-wing and Communist enterprises: dinner sponsor, American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born; sponsor, Committee for Equal Justice for Mrs. Recy Taylor (auxiliary of International Labor Defense); initiator of support for Hollywood Ten, Committee for the First Amendment; sponsor, Committee for the Negro in the Arts; sponsor, End Jim Crow in Baseball Committee; sponsor, Hollywood Anti-Nazi League; sponsor, Hollywood Democratic Committee; sponsor, Hollywood League for Democratic Action; speaker, Hollywood Writers Mobilization; initiating sponsor, Independent Citizens Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions; signer, Letter to *The Nation* on the Peekskill Riot and in behalf of Paul Robeson; sponsor, National Mobilization Committee; sponsor, New York Committee for Justice in Freeport; sponsor, People's Songs; honorary member, Southern Negro Youth Congress; sponsor, Win the Peace Conference.

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, well-known editor, is a member of the board of advisors of the National Committee for an Effective Congress. According to public records, he has been affiliated with the following left-wing and Communist-front enterprises: sponsor, American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born; sponsor, American Pushkin Committee; sponsor, Bill of Rights Conference; sponsor, Cinema 16, Inc.; sponsor, Committee to Lift the Ban on *The Nation*; signer of open letter, Committee of One Thousand; member, Committee of Welcome for the Very Reverend Hewlett Johnson; individual representative, Coordinating Committee to Lift the Embargo; initiating sponsor, independent Citizens Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions; sponsor, Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee; contributor, League of American Writers; signer of letter, National Institute of Arts and Letters; sponsor, National War-time Conference of the Professions, the Sciences, the Arts, the White Collar Fields; contributor, *New Masses*; signer of declaration, Reichstag Fire Trial Anniversary Committee; signer of open letter, Washington Committee to Lift Spanish Embargo.

ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER (SR.), Professor of History at Harvard University and a member of the board of advisors of the National Committee for an Effective Congress, has been affiliated with the following left-wing and Communist-

front enterprises: signer of petition, American Committee for Democracy and Intellectual Freedom; sponsor, American Friends of Spanish Democracy; committee member, American Friends of Spanish Democracy; signer of open letter, American Friends of Spanish Democracy; affiliated with, American Student Union; sponsor, Congress on Civil Rights; signer of open letter, Council for Pan American Democracy; committee member, Medical Bureau, American Friends of Spanish Democracy; member, executive committee, Metropolitan Interfaith and Interracial Coordinating Council; member, National Citizens Political Action Committee; sponsor, National Emergency Conference; affiliated with, National Emergency Conference for Democratic Rights; signer of statement, National Federation for Constitutional Liberties; signer of petition for Bridges, National Federation for Constitutional Liberties; signer of petition to abolish the Dies Committee, National Federation for Constitutional Liberties; signer, Open Letter on Harry Bridges.

THE CAMPAIGN director of the National Committee for an Effective Congress is one Maurice Rosenblatt. He is the man who managed the Washington end of Operation "Get-McCarthy." He was Flanders' right-hand man.

Rosenblatt is an old hand at the business and technique of smearing

members of Congress. He's a veteran and a professional.

A significant speech by the Honorable Martin Dies appears in the *Congressional Record* of February 1, 1943. Addressing the House of Representatives for more than an hour, Mr. Dies revealed the existence of a group of left-wing propagandists whose aim, according to Mr. Dies, was "to discredit Congress in order that their program of internationalism will not be hampered after the war by a strong and alert Congress."

Mr. Dies proceeded to take up one by one the organizations which were back of this campaign to purge members of Congress. "The next purge organization I should like to take up," said Mr. Dies at one point in his address to the House, "is the Coordinating Committee for Democratic Action, of 103 Park Avenue, New York City." Continuing, Mr. Dies reported that this committee was attacking members of Congress "as obstructionists and fascists."

Who was the executive secretary of the Coordinating Committee for Democratic Action? Rosenblatt!

In its publication, *The City Reporter*, dated January 6, 1942, the Coordinating Committee — Mr. Rosenblatt's outfit — declared: "Both Senators and Representatives cooperated intimately with Fascist groups."

Then came Mr. Dies' revelation that the officials of the Coordinating Committee for Democratic Action were in constant touch with New

Deal officials, and that Maurice Rosenblatt was actually operating out of the office of Gardner Jackson in the Department of Agriculture.

Said Mr. Dies: "It may or may not surprise you to learn that the telephone and telegraph records of this organization reveal that they were in close touch with officials of this Government. For example, I hold here the long-distance telephone record of the calls made from New York to Washington, which shows that officials of the organization were in frequent communication with Gardner Jackson, Principal Economist of the Department of Agriculture. Several of the calls were taken by Mr. Jackson on a Government phone at the Department of Agriculture, and still other telephone records show that Maurice Rosenblatt, executive secretary of the organization, received calls at Mr. Jackson's office in the Department of Agriculture, from his secretary in New York in July, 1942, which was prior to the election."

His collaboration with Maurice Rosenblatt and the National Committee for an Effective Congress in their campaign to "get" McCarthy isn't the only instance of Senator Flanders' close cooperation with a pro-Communist enterprise.

Ralph E. Flanders and Owen Lattimore were on a small team together in the post-war attack on Chiang Kai-shek. The attack was issued in the form of a subtle propa-

ganda press release calling for the formation of a coalition government in China to replace "the authoritarian control of a single party." That was the pure Communist propaganda line of the moment, which was either at the end of 1946 or the beginning of 1947. "The authoritarian control of a single party" referred to the government of Chiang Kai-shek. The call for the formation of a coalition government in China meant the admission of the Communists into the government. What happens when Communists are admitted to the government of a country is too well known to require comment.

The Committee for a Democratic Far Eastern Policy promptly published excerpts from the Flanders-Lattimore document, and informed readers of its bulletin that the full text would be sent on request from the offices of the Committee. The CDFEP has been cited as subversive and Communist by the Attorney General of the United States. Such organizations do not distribute anti-Communist documents. The eagerness of the CDFEP to disseminate the Flanders-Lattimore press release was significant.

Soviet Weekly of January 30, 1947, published in Moscow, hailed the Flanders-Lattimore statement. Some other signers of the statement were United States Senator James E. Murray; Harley F. MacNair, University of Chicago; H. H. Fisher, Stanford University; and Foster

Rhea Dulles, Ohio State University.

The *Daily Worker* of September 16, 1952, ran a 6-column headline which read: "Sen. Flanders Urges Peace Acceptable to N. Korea." The story under the headline was out of Ottawa where Flanders had addressed a meeting of the Commonwealth Parliamentary Association. It began: "This city is still buzzing over last week's sensational proposals by Sen. Ralph Flanders (R-Vt.) for ending the Korean War." That isn't the kind of headline publicity Joe McCarthy gets in the *Daily Worker*.

THE CLIMAX of his Communist-line propaganda came only a few weeks ago when Frankfurt's (Germany) leading left-wing newspaper, the *Rundschau*, published an interview with Flanders. According to the interview, Flanders advocated "neutralizing" Germany. *Human Events*, the sturdy pro-American weekly edited by Frank C. Hani-ghen, reported John B. Crane's comment on the interview, in its issue of October 20, 1954, as follows: "This [neutralization of German policy] has long been the Commie line for solving the German problem. It is at least an interesting coincidence that the GOP Senator who has done most to attack Senator Joseph McCarthy, the Senate's leading crusader against Communism, grants an interview to one of Germany's leading left-wing dailies and follows the Commie line in his view of the future of Germany."

What next, Senator Flanders?

THE MAN BEHIND THE



A-PLANE

By George Carroll

FEW AMERICANS know the name, Donald John Keirn, much less the man. Yet he sparkplugs a project of such tremendous scope it can shape the destiny of us all, individually and as a nation of free people.

He's the man behind the atomic-powered airplane we are racing to build and fly before the Soviet Union gets a Red-starred model into the skies.

We both have the hydrogen bombs, the Russians and ourselves. Couple the hydrogen bomb with an atomic-powered bomber of practically limitless range and you have the supreme weapons combination — at least until the truly intercontinental missile with atomic warhead comes along.

Who first achieves that combination, the Soviets or ourselves, holds the balance of power.

The job of Brigadier General Donald John Keirn, United States Air Force, is to see that we beat Malenkov and his crew of experts into the heavens with the world's first nuclear-run aircraft.

General Keirn is to our atomic aircraft project what the now widely

known Rear Admiral Hyman George Rickover was to the Navy's atomic-powered submarine, the *Nautilus*, launched a few months ago.

They differ in this, the experts agree — Keirn is up against a lot rougher proposition than even Rickover was.

Through newspapers, magazines and newsreels and finally a book, the Admiral has become a fairly familiar figure to his fellow Americans.

Not so Keirn. This is the first magazine article ever to appear about him and his work, so far as the writer is aware, and this may be a good place to state that he, the General, has contributed none of the information.

Keirn functions behind a tapestry of security screens rivaling those of FBI Chief J. Edgar Hoover and maybe a little bit better than those of the Central Intelligence Agency, our topmost rung in security matters, which recently suffered certain embarrassments in West Germany.

The writer never has met him and when he wrote General Keirn a brief note some months ago, enclosing a clipping of a piece he had done

about him for the New York *Journal-American*, there was no reply.

What follows here, therefore, comes from independent research clothing the bare bones of what the Atomic Energy Commission makes no attempt to hide, namely that the General heads the aircraft reactor branch of its division of reactor development.

To simplify matters, let the average reader substitute "engine" for the term reactor and he comes at once to the reason Keirn may fairly be termed the man behind the A-plane.

THE HEART of the atomic-powered airplane will be the power plant, plus its shielding against killing radiation, and once you solve this, the rest is comparatively easy. In brief, the power plant is the really new element, not the airframe.

Keirn is an engine man from way back. The late General Henry (Hap) Arnold, leader of the Army Air Forces of World War II, chose him as project officer on our first jet-propelled airplane, the Bell P-59 Airacomet.

He was then a power plant specialist serving at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, and in June, 1941, he was ordered to England to consult with Air Commodore Sir Frank Whittle, Britain's great jet pioneer, and return with the drawings of Whittle's engine.

Thereafter, he acted as power plant liaison among the military at

Wright Field, Bell Aircraft Corp., Buffalo, New York, and General Electric, which produced the first U. S. jet engine fashioned after Whittle's. The Airacomet flew in '43 but the war ended before this country ever got a jet plane into combat.

Keirn was born in Elbert, Colorado, February 24, 1905, and since his graduation from high school in Denver in 1922, he has absorbed enough schooling to make him perhaps the most highly educated brigadier general in the whole Air Force.

Here is what is shown by his official biography, one of the few currently unclassified things about him:

Denver University, one year.

Colorado School of Mines, two years.

U. S. Military Academy, West Point, graduated in 1929 after four years and commissioned second lieutenant, field artillery.

Air Corps Primary Flying School, March Field, California.

Air Corps Advanced Flying School, Kelly Field, Texas, graduated as pilot, 1930.

Air Corps Technical School, Chanute Field, Illinois, one year, graduated 1932.

Air Corps Engineering School, Wright Field, Ohio, one year, graduated 1937.

University of Michigan, master of science degree in aeronautical engineering, 1938.

National War College, graduated 1950.

Between the end of World War II

and the fall of 1950 when he got his general's stars, Keirn picked up some non-classroom education as liaison officer on the Manhattan Project, which produced the atom bomb, and as a participant in the Bikini test of atomic weapons.

WITH his new rank of general, he was moved into the Air Force's freshly organized Air Research and Development Command, the getter of new weapons of air warfare, and put directly onto the nuclear-powered aircraft project two years ago last summer.

So far as is known, he is still attached to the Air Research and Development Command but his working post is deep inside the well-guarded headquarters of the Atomic Energy Commission, Washington, D. C.

Since such scattered industrial giants of the United States as General Electric, Pratt & Whitney Division of United Aircraft Corp., Convair Division of General Dynamics Corp. (whose Electric Boat Division, Groton, Connecticut, built the submarine *Nautilus*), Boeing Airplane Co. and Lockheed Aircraft Corp. are all working on the A-plane in one form or another, it may be surmised that Keirn is a gentleman much on the go.

Engine and plane makers with whom he deals today are as close-mouthed about the General as he is himself. Does he hound them day and night as Rickover is described as

doing on the *Nautilus*, slashing red tape like a madman and refusing, ever, to take "No" for an answer? Or is he a gentler taskmaster?

Intriguing questions these, but unfortunately the answers must wait for a future day, after, one hopes, the United States successfully flight tests the world's first nuclear-run plane.

There may be a hint, though, in what some of his old wartime colleagues of Bell Aircraft recollect: "A good guy, no doubt about it, but something of a perfectionist."

He wanted maximum performance from the first P-59 jet Airacomet, going so far as to have the fuselage and wings polished and waxed, with all joints sealed by Scotch tape to make the ship as clean as might be, aerodynamically.

The *Handbook of Instruction for Aircraft Designers* naturally contained specifications at that time applying only to planes driven by propellers.

"Forget the book; we're dealing with a ship without props," Keirn told the Bell people in effect.

When it became clear the Airacomet would complete its flight test program successfully at the AAF test center, Muroc, on California's Mojave Desert, some of the Bell boys recall Keirn solemnly clipped the propeller from his collar insignia.

"From now on, I fly jets, not prop jobs," he vowed, or so they tell the story.

Moscow has been as silent as General Keirn regarding Soviet prog-

ress, if any, toward nuclear flight.

Here in the United States, since 1948, there have been many speculations but scant official disclosures on how we are doing. One pound of Uranium-235, it has been estimated, might furnish enough energy to take a plane around the world 80 times.

BEFORE his death, General Hoyt Vandenberg, Air Force Chief of Staff, declared atomic flight was closer than most persons realize. This was about as definite as any official military source has been on the subject, but last April, in a speech that had been combed over carefully by security officers, Hall L. Hibbard, engineering vice-president for Lockheed, made some highly significant observations.

"I expect to see nuclear-powered military aircraft in being within ten years," he said.

"I imagine the first generation of these will be strategic bombers having the capability of supersonic speed for truly intercontinental missions."

Not too much later, Hibbard went on, he anticipated that nuclear-driven airliners would be crossing the United States with passengers in less than two hours.

Fission of the uranium would yield the heat that burning gasoline

and kerosene furnish in piston and jet engines. Hibbard feels that heat from fission can be utilized in jet and rocket engines much as we know them in their present forms, and that no Rube Goldberg designs will be required. The problem of shielding, he says, is proving far less formidable than had been thought.

Last July the Atomic Energy Commission, in its sixteenth semi-annual report, conceded (perhaps because of their unhidable height) that four 324-foot steel towers had gone up at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, to cradle the embryo of an A-plane.

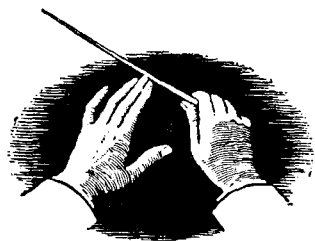
Since May, AEC continued, unique experiments simulating an airplane in flight have been made.

"Protective shielding for the crew and a test reactor with its own shielding can be suspended from these towers well above the ground," AEC's report confided.

Before the submarine *Nautilus* slipped down the Groton ways into Long Island Sound, Admiral Rickover had its power plant "crossing oceans" in a tank at AEC's Reactor Testing Station in the wilds of Utah.

It is a good bet, consequently, that General Keirn is doing some strange "flying" down in Tennessee these days and that out of it will come America's companion weapon to the H-bomb.





SOUND ON DISC

BERLIOZ, the musicologists will tell you, never really understood the liturgy, nor was he interested in it. They cite as an example his massive *Requiem Mass*, and particularly the earth-shaking *Tuba mirum*. This is an academic view — and misses the point completely. For the great congeries of musicians and singers that expressed the Berlioz temperament and sensibility, though unorthodox, precisely reflect the catholicity of a ritual which goes beyond the set limits demanded by the musicologists.

It might be said that the *Et incarnatus est* of Mozart's *Great Mass in C* is not valid because it is theatrical. But all outward religious expression is, in a sense, theatrical; only the point at which the spark leaps across the chasm separating man from his Maker can be blunted by the just trappings of music.

All of this is but introduction to the good news that Columbia has issued a refulgent recording of the Berlioz *Te Deum*, for which let us all rejoice. According to legend, the

Te Deum originated in the ecstasies of St. Ambrose and St. Augustine at the moment of Augustine's baptism, a religious improvisation of sudden inspiration. The technical grandiosity which sometimes afflicts Berlioz is well controlled in this work, giving free rein to a pounding statement of faith, interspersed with passages of Mozartian delicacy. The *Judex Crederis*, with its climactic impact, is the Day of Judgment in music, evoking some awe, some terror, and much understanding.

A special word should be said for the perceptive vigor of the performance by the Royal Philharmonic, the London Philharmonic Choir, the Dulwich College Boys Choir, and especially for Sir Thomas Beecham, conducting. Recording, as such, is excellent (Columbia ML 4897).

What M-G-M calls "three of the very most popular selections in the whole symphonic literature" are combined on one record. They are: *Grieg's Peer Gynt Suites, Nos. 1 & 2*, and Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker Suite*.

These are the war horses of the concert repertory, but they have lived because something in their plain meters appeals to people. I am not one to sneer at this. If you lack these works, and want them, you can do no better than the newest version in which Hans-Jurgen Walther and the Philharmonia Orchestra of Hamburg perform in sprightly fashion (M-G-M E3139).

Encores in a Quiet Mood, played by that talented pianist, Menahem Pressler, falls into somewhat the same category. On one record you get a Poulenc *Pastourelle*, the Albeniz *Córdoba*, and Ravel's *Pavane*, and other small works by Granados, Satie, Chabrier, Bartók, Griffes, and Respighi (M-G-M E3129).

TWO MANIFESTATIONS of the popular spirit deserve some mention:

In those dear, dead days — allegedly beyond recall — there was a young man with a megaphone named Rudy Vallee. Vallee was the first "crooner" — for those who have forgotten, crooning was a thin-voiced evasion of singing, a polite rebuttal to the robust style of American jazz. Vallee captivated the girls and infuriated the boys, but he was immensely popular. Now, Capitol has issued an album of the tunes which made Vallee famous — *My*

Time Is Your Time, *I'm Just a Vagabond Lover*, *Betty Co-ed*, and *Vieni Vieni* in atrocious Italian. Amplification and technique have given Vallee's voice more body, but the old inflection and gentle spoofing are still there. That wonderful Noel Coward novelty, *Mad Dogs and Englishman*, is neatly done — and so are some others (Capitol H 550).

Off the movie sound track comes

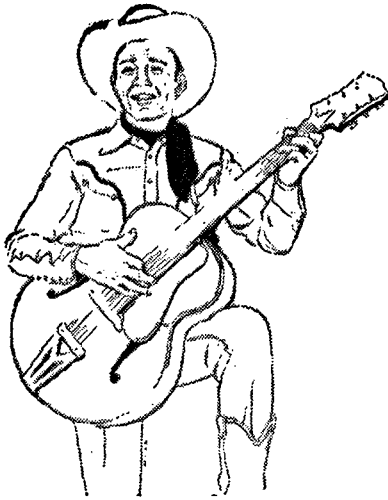
the musical score of *Brigadoon*, late of Broadway, sung by Gene Kelly, Van Johnson, and others. It is all quite pleasant — the best of synthetic Scotch has been distilled by

composer Frederick Loewe and lyricist Alan Jay Lerner. *Once in the Highlands*, *The Heather on the Hill*, *Almost Like Being in Love*, and *There But for You Go I* — plus some others of the show's songs — are excellently done by an excellent cast. Johnny Green handles the orchestral backgrounds with his usual skill (M-G-M X-263).

But I wish, I wish, I wish that the American musical comedy would go back to being the American musical comedy. When the new musical comedy comes in, it will stem from the old, not from this *potpourri* of outlandish folk elements which are better done by the folk themselves.

As for me, I keep on playing *Pal Joey*, *On Your Toes*, and *Of Thee I Sing*.
R. DE T.





A MAN, A HORSE AND A GUITAR

By
DUANE VALENTY

A TALL, rangy fellow walked into a Cincinnati pawnshop and paid twenty dollars for a guitar that was hanging in the window. Smiling uncertainly, he twanged the dusty strings as he left the small shop.

That was many years ago and since that day, Leonard Slye has made that guitar pay big dividends. It became an Aladdin's Lamp that was to carry him on to fabulous heights he'd never even imagined. It was to change his name from Leonard Slye to Roy Rogers, King of the Cowboys, and bring him wealth, fame, and the adulation of millions of children everywhere.

A farmhand at home in Duck Run, Illinois, the future screen cowboy had taken to the road to see what lay over beyond the farther pasture. He'd driven a truck, worked in a shoe factory and been a

cowhand. When it looked as though there'd never be enough money to fulfill his life's ambition of becoming a dentist, reluctantly he gave up that dream and let the Fate that guides cowboys take over.

As a dust-covered "ranchero" the young fellow learned to ride, round up cattle and shoot. Tired and dusty after a day's work, he looked no different from a hundred other grimy cowpunchers. On the side, however, he was becoming proficient with his twenty-dollar guitar and exercising his vocal chords. Joining a singing group known as the "Texas Outlaws," he first sang at a Lion's Club dance, then on small radio stations, and in between he'd call square dances.

Driving to California in a truck that was about to break down all the way, Roy did odd jobs and finally

decided to stay on, doing what singing he could on the side. One day in a music store he heard some conversation that was to change his life.

"Hear they are auditioning for singing cowboys over at Republic," someone said to the shopkeeper.

Roy didn't linger to hear more. Grabbing his guitar he hurried to the audition, sang a few numbers with cowboy yodels, and was given the job. The salary was \$100 weekly and they put him on a horse. Destiny took over from there.

But there was another investment to be made if cowboy roles were to be on the agenda. So in those first movie days Roy paid out \$2,500 of his hard-earned money, on the installment plan, for his own horse. The beautiful palomino, Trigger, was to accompany him up the trail to the top, learning some fifty-two tricks on cue, including ballet and prayers.

Not long ago, J. B. Ferguson, wealthy Texas oil prospector and cattleman, sought to buy the beloved stallion for his ranch near Houston, offering the cowboy star the munificent sum of \$200,000. Roy turned it down, as he has all past offers.

"Trigger belongs to the boys and girls everywhere," he told the cattleman. "They made stars of Trigger and me."

ONCE launched as a star, Roy didn't take long to become one of the kings of the entertainment world. Starring in well over a hun-

dred movies which have been shown all over the world, in many of these with Dale Evans as his leading lady, Roy Rogers found his public demanding that he and Dale star together in all their films.

Although this public demand rather upset Dale's plans for retirement to family life after the marriage of the two in 1947, they went on to set new show business records and establish new highs in the cowboy king and queen business.

Known today as the "Queen of the West" and sufficiently popular in her own right to give Roy a run for his money, Dale couldn't even ride a horse when she first worked with him. But she soon became expert enough to receive star billing in movies as a Western performer — the first time for a woman — and to co-star with Roy on his annual rodeo tours.

The answer to any showman's prayers, these tours break existing records everywhere, even in England. The television show starring Roy, Dale, and Trigger recently hit a new high in ratings for shows of this type. And along with it, the radio show has retained its popularity through the years.

Simple, down-to-earth people, the Rogers enjoy ranch life when their manifold activities give them time. Two girls and a boy by Roy's former marriage recently were overjoyed when their parents adopted two more youngsters to add to the fun.

Scores of pets of every description

make it fortunate that the Rogers have a few acres of land around their home. Church and charitable activities also take up much of their time. On tour, the couple always visit hospitals to give small patients a chance to stroke Trigger's muzzle and hear a few cheering songs.

Together Dale and Roy have sung stacks of best-selling records, featuring hillbilly, Western, juvenile and religious music, for RCA Victor. Nearly a quarter of a million copies of Dale's biggest hit tune (she wrote it herself), *Aha, San Antone*, have been sold to date.

IN ADDITION to making millions of kids happy, Roy Rogers has succeeded in establishing the cowboy as Big Business. More than any other Western star, he has had the Midas touch, leading by far all others in every popularity poll and comparison in grosses.

Recently Roy Rogers was totin' up the number of his commercial tie-ups. "Nearly three hundred," he muttered happily. "Hasn't Hop-along cut into your profit?" somebody asked him. "No," said Roy, "my stuff goes all over the United States, while Hoppy's is known only in the big television centers."

Since then, these commercial tie-ups have trebled in value with Roy's own big hit on television. But Roy feels a keen responsibility for the items he sponsors commercially.

"Dale and I always consider whether the item is the sort of thing

we would buy for our own youngsters," he says.

Millions of children devotedly follow Roy Rogers on television and on radio, and more than two million see Roy Rogers movies in theaters regularly — that's the registered membership of 1,985 Roy Rogers Riders Clubs in movie theaters throughout the United States alone. Comic strips also sell well in the millions.

Out of the 20,000 fan letters that come in weekly — Dale has her own high figure and Trigger gets a few thousand additional himself — many are from children. The children love Roy, Dale and the almost-human hoss so much they have to sit down and scrawl out their affection.

For them, Roy maintains things in fabulous style, with hand-tooled saddle, martingale, bridle, chaps and spurs insured for \$50,000, which contain 136 ounces of gold, 1,400 ounces of silver and 1,500 rubies. Each silver and gold ornament is of an individual design. The equipment required sixteen men six months to complete. Roy and Dale keep up to this style with their own Western garb. Naturally, the legions of young fans love it all.

For a boy who never went beyond the sophomore year in high school Roy Rogers has done right well. However, he credits the youngsters with his success, especially when they tell him in their letters — "I say my prayers for you every night!"

He's glad, as it turned out, that he couldn't become a dentist after all!

Do You Know That...

- ▶ Your government has numberless warehouses filled with commodities costing between 50 and 60 billion dollars, many of them obsolete. One investigation disclosed that a single agency had stashed away a 93-year supply of fluorescent bulbs, another had a 247-year supply of loose-leaf binders. More recently the Hoover Commission discovered a 22-year supply of toilet tissue.
- ▶ Federal agencies process 900 million pieces of paper annually. This figure does not include the hundreds of thousands of reports which business firms are required to file. Those are bundled into barrels and stored in warehouses — untabulated. They represent a cost to businessmen of over a billion dollars yearly in filing expense.
- ▶ Certain Government businesses have been borrowing from the Treasury to invest in Government bonds, forcing the U.S. to pay interest on its own money.
- ▶ The Military Ship Transport Service of the Navy Department plies regular routes at an annual cost of \$700 million. In at least one case, half-empty Navy ships follow the same routes as do half-empty Army vessels.
- ▶ The 104 Federal agencies in the lending business have made loans, guaranteed mortgages and assumed insurance obligations totaling \$280 billions, as much as the national debt and currency put together.
- ▶ The Armed Services operate about 1,500 factories and services in competition with private industries, usually at higher cost to themselves and with the civilian service available.
- ▶ There are 60 Federal agencies for handling health problems and five Federal hospital systems independent of each other.
- ▶ There are numerous cases pending in the courts of civil suits between Government agencies. The various Armed Services bid competitively against each other for procurement of ordinary commodities and articles of supply.
- ▶ If it follows the pattern of the Commission which functioned 1947-1949, the second Hoover Commission which dug up all the above facts and a great deal more, will save the taxpayer yearly at least 100 times the cost of its Congressional appropriation of about two-and-a-half million dollars.

NORA DE TOLEDANO

Letters to the Editor

» Do I read the AMERICAN MERCURY? Yes, from cover to cover. Why? Because it is fearless and gives us facts that other magazines do not.

HOMER L. WEBBER
Eugene, Oregon

» I never realized how strong and threatening the Communist movement is in the United States. I now feel that it is as much my job as anybody else's to help combat this threat to America, even though I'm not yet of voting age.

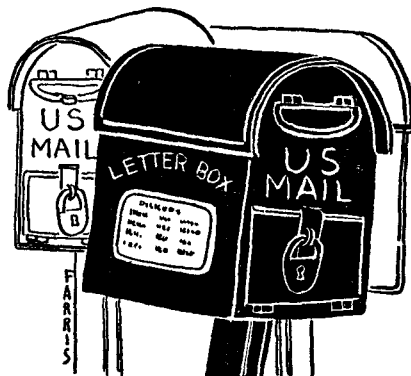
I hope that through your magazine and other publications the American people will wake up and realize that our freedom is in danger.

I think that Communism will thrive on the fact that America does not fully realize her peril. The AMERICAN MERCURY is certainly doing a good job informing its readers. I hope more people will read the AMERICAN MERCURY every day

PATTIE TAYLOR
Miami, Florida

» As soon as I get my copy of the AMERICAN MERCURY, I turn first to Harold Helfer's page, "Doings of a Democracy," because I knew Harold in Birmingham and he proved here that he writes interestingly.

But I am inclined to believe Harold was misinformed about fluoridation at Elyria, Ohio. He states that it was announced that fluoride had been added



to the water and that gripes poured in. Then it was announced, according to Harold, that there had been an unforeseen delay and the chemical hadn't been applied to the water.

That trick has been pulled in a good many places and, to my disgust, in collusion with newspapers. . . . One of our most widely syndicated medical columnists, a physician, thought it was a huge joke to fool the people like that. I don't. I think it's a dirty trick and that it is dragging the cloak of medicine in the mud.

JOHN B. ATKINS
Birmingham, Alabama

» I thoroughly enjoy your magazine, not only for content, but also for your unabashed partisanship to things American. It's a relief to read a magazine that has definite opinions.

However, I'm sure you'd grant me

the right to express opposition to one of the opinions expressed by Mr. John J. Burns in his "Flight From Reason" article. Mr. Burns says that the flight from reason began with the "so-called Reformation" (epithet his). It was precisely reason (not petty logicianism, if there is such a word) that led to the beginnings of the Reformation . . . the reasoning that asked questions and honestly sought their answers. . . . Where there is burning faith, there can be no darkness, whether that faith illumines the Sword of St. Michael, the hammer of Martin Luther, or the funeral pyres of Joan of Arc and Savonarola, who died because they used their own reason.

ELINORE WACKERNAGEL
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

» I am surprised at the *MERCURY* publishing "The Outside of the Cup" by Holmes Alexander. That is a dangerous article.

Mr. Alexander was not a good Episcopalian, and was not even fooling himself about the Lenten season, when he fully intended to drink at the stroke of midnight.

He states that evangelism is "no good." True evangelism will save from any sin — including alcoholism.

Thank you for what you said about Billy Graham. His type of evangelism saves.

MRS. ELLA B. BLACK FRECH
St. Petersburg, Florida

» The *AMERICAN MERCURY*, as a source of valuable information on the state of the universe, takes precedence over all the other periodicals that come to my attention. In fact, I wouldn't give up one issue of the *MERCURY* for

all the others. . . . The *MERCURY* has ever been at the top in my comprehension of what a periodical should be — in truth and in hewing to that line unwaveringly, let the chips fall where they may.

LESTER C. ALLEN
Troutdale, Oregon

» Please convey my sincere congratulations to Lois I. Nichols for her truly great letter to Leonard Hall in the November *MERCURY*. More people like her would not only make the Republican Party a party to be proud of, but most of all would make a great America.

ARTHUR F. CULLEN
Staten Island, New York

» Congratulations on your November issue, just received. It is well named, *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, and its courageous frankness in dealing with that vile mental disease which we call Communism should be appreciated by all loyal Americans.

Especially enjoyed by me was the article "America's Master Blunder — the UN," by Harold Lord Varney, which could also be called "An Imbecile's Paradise." How anyone but an imbecile could expect to obtain benefit or protection for the United States from an organization framed by Communists is beyond my power of understanding.

Author Varney's article is timely and a well-aimed shot at our gullible people. Let us hope it sinks in and takes effect before it is too late. *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* is doing a splendid work and my hat is off to it. May other publications follow suit!

MRS. M. CONAN
Phoenix, Arizona

How GUATEMALA Got Rid of the COMMUNISTS

For the first time in history, a nation, once conquered, has thrown off the yoke of Communism.

Following is the testimony, before the House Committee on Communist Aggression, of President Carlos Castillo Armas, the liberator of Guatemala.

It is a revealing document and merits close study by every American. The questions were asked by Congressman Patrick Hillings of California.

CHAIRMAN: Mr. President, the Committee extends its fullest appreciation to you for making this statement. It is a rare and unusual honor to have the chief of a sovereign state testify before a committee of the United States Congress. The purpose of our hearing is to inform the Congress of the United States, and the people of the American Republics, of the efforts of the Communist conspiracy, directed from Moscow, to intervene in the affairs of Western Hemisphere governments. Your nation, Mr. President, has a unique distinction. It is the only country that has broken free from Communist rule, once the shackles of the Kremlin had been firmly secured. You were the leader of the movement that freed your nation. We are

Official Testimony of
PRESIDENT CASTILLO
Before Congress

sure that you will have much valuable information for this Committee, and that your statement here will provide hope for the enslaved people of Europe and Asia, who now live under the Communist yoke.

PRESIDENT CASTILLO: Well, before answering your question, I will explain that I cannot speak English very well. But in order that the United States people know my voice and myself in answering your questions, I am going to try answering in English.

CHAIRMAN: Mr. President, I am sure that the people of the United States will appreciate your courtesy.

PRESIDENT CASTILLO: It is an honor for me to address my remarks to the Congress and people of the United States. In behalf of my people, I thank you for the privilege. Please rest assured of our fullest co-operation in the fight to make the Western Hemisphere secure from Communist aggression. We in Guatemala know only too well the bitter price of Communist rule. I know you agree with me when I say that we must never again allow the Kremlin to control the affairs of an American nation.

CHAIRMAN: Thank you, Mr. President. Now, with your permission I will submit a few questions, for the purpose of enlightening the U.S. Congress and people as to what happened in Guatemala. First, Mr. President, to what extent did international Communism dominate Guatemala at the time of the revolution last June?

PRESIDENT CASTILLO: Almost completely. The Communists controlled the presidency. They controlled Congress. They controlled all of the major government departments. They controlled the propaganda outlets, the press and the radio. They controlled the labor unions and the schools. But one thing they did not control, Mr. Chairman. They did not control the will of the people of Guatemala.

CHAIRMAN: Can you tell us approximately how many Guatemalan people were real Communists, Mr. President?

PRESIDENT CASTILLO: Never more than a very small minority. At the end, perhaps a few hundred. In the beginning, only a few dozen. But those few people gained control of a nation of more than three million persons.

CHAIRMAN: That is the point that interests us very much, Mr. President, and puzzles us. How could a few people gain such control over an entire nation?

PRESIDENT CASTILLO: That is a complicated story, and difficult to tell briefly. In 1944, there was a revolution that overthrew the Dictator Ubico. At that time we had no democratic institutions. We had no labor unions. In 1945, Juan José Arevalo was elected president in a free election. None of us knew then that Arevalo was a Communist. But we know it now. Among his first acts was to bring Communist agitators from all Latin America to Guatemala, to organize our young intellectuals into Communist cells, and to subvert the basic institutions of our new democratic government. To organize the labor unions Arevalo brought Vicente Lombardo Toledano from Mexico. To organize our educational system, he brought a Chilean, Virginia Bravo Letelier, who now directs propaganda activities from East Berlin.

The Communists concentrated first on the labor unions, of which they quickly gained complete control. Soon it became almost impossible to be elected to public office without the support of the unions. And to gain that support, the candidates had to agree to follow the Communist Party line. Soon they gained control of the major political parties, through the influence of their unions. Under the direction of Señorita Bravo and a young Communist intellectual, Victor Manuel Gutierrez, a teachers' union was formed, and before long almost every teacher in the country, in order to hold his job, had to teach the Communist doctrines.

Arevalo gave to the Communists control of the government-owned newspapers and radio station. He gave them control of the Social Security Institute, and the important labor courts, which decide all labor disputes. Although they still operated pretty much from the background, the Communists had political control of Guatemala by the time Arevalo's term expired. When their hand-picked candidate, Jacobo Arbenz, took office, they finally dared to come out into the open.

CHAIRMAN: Do you believe, Mr. President, that these Communists you mention were acting under the orders of Moscow?

PRESIDENT CASTILLO: We know it. For almost ten years there was a steady procession of young Guate-

malan officials to Moscow and the Iron Curtain countries for indoctrination, training and instructions. Since he left the presidency, we know Arevalo has on at least one occasion, disappeared behind the Iron Curtain. Gutierrez, who became the dictator of the labor unions, visited Moscow openly. So did Pellecer, Castillo Flores and other labor leaders. Scores of Guatemalans annually visited behind the Iron Curtain, and many had their expenses paid by European Communist governments.

Also, our diplomatic service became infiltrated with Communist agents, carrying orders from the Soviet and Czech embassies to various Latin American countries. Our foreign office became the voice of the Kremlin in the Western Hemisphere.

CHAIRMAN: Mr. President, you have told us that Colonel Arbenz was the hand-picked candidate of the Communists. It has been said, nevertheless, that he was elected in a free election, and that his government was the choice of the Guatemalan people. Is that correct?

PRESIDENT CASTILLO: Nothing could be further from the truth. Arbenz was elected by assassination. He remained in power by the most ruthless terrorism, evidence of which my government has given your committee. By 1949, the majority of the people of Guatemala were disillusioned by the pro-Communist poli-

cies of President Arevalo. The popular candidate for the presidency, who would certainly have been elected if a free election had been held, was Colonel Francisco Javier Arana, a vigorous and outspoken opponent of Communism. But no such free election was held. In July, 1949, Colonel Arana was ambushed by a band of men armed with sub-machine guns and revolvers, and murdered.

CHAIRMAN: Were any of the assassins identified, Mr. President?

PRESIDENT CASTILLO: Yes. Colonel Arana's chauffeur was wounded, escaped and took asylum in the Embassy of El Salvador. Among the assassins he named Captain Alfonso Martinez, a member of Congress, Francisco Morazan and Carlos Bramonte and many others.

CHAIRMAN: Were any of these men brought to trial, or arrested?

PRESIDENT CASTILLO: Well, quite the contrary. Instead they were rewarded with lucrative government posts. After Arana's murder, Arbenz' election was assured. Opposition meetings were broken up. Ballot boxes were stuffed. Illiterate Indians were herded to the voting booths and forced to vote the will of the Communist bosses. The Communists had complete control of the election machinery. Arbenz could not lose with Arana out of the way. And among his first acts when he took office, Arbenz rewarded the murderers of Arana. He appointed

Captain Martinez as Secretary of the Presidency, a position somewhat similar to cabinet member; Morazan became his personal bodyguard. Later Martinez was promoted to chief of the Agrarian Reform Department, which, next to the presidency, is the most important civilian position in the government. At the time of the revolution, Morazan was Arbenz' personal secretary.

CHAIRMAN: What was your personal reaction to the murder of Colonel Arana, Mr. President?

PRESIDENT CASTILLO: Well, when the government refused to arrest the murderers, I resigned my commission in the Army in protest. At that time I was commander of the Fourth Military District. Like many Guatemaltecos, I had become thoroughly disgusted with the Communist policies of the Arevalo government. But I had hoped that the situation would be resolved through the orderly processes of a free election. I had already participated in two revolutions. I wanted to solve the problem in another way.

However, the murder of Arana, and the mockery of the Arbenz election, convinced me that the Communists could only be thrown out by force.

CHAIRMAN: I believe it was shortly after Arana's murder that you made your first attempt to overthrow the Communist-controlled government, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT CASTILLO: Yes. I joined

with a group of men of all walks of life — army officers, politicians, professional men, farmers, teachers, students, and non-Communist labor leaders. We dedicated ourselves to ridding Guatemala of Communist rule.

Our first attempt was unsuccessful. We tried to seize the Military Base of Aurora, confident that the garrison would join us in a revolution against the Arevalo government. Instead we were met by heavy machine-gun fire. Many of my comrades were slain, and I was captured and taken to prison. Then the guards opened fire with machine gun to me.

CHAIRMAN: Do I understand, Mr. President, that you were shot after you were taken to prison?

PRESIDENT CASTILLO: Yes.

CHAIRMAN: Do you mean that you and your comrades, without any weapons, without any trial, were simply shot down with machine guns?

PRESIDENT CASTILLO: Yes, they ordered us to walk out of the prison and they, my comrades and myself, were fired with machine guns and rifles.

CHAIRMAN: Mr. President, were you subjected to any other torture or mistreatment when you were in prison?

PRESIDENT CASTILLO: Yes, I was given a first-hand indoctrination in Communist methods of treating the

opposition. I was taken directly from the operating room to the prison for questioning. Two machine-gun bullets had been removed from my hip. The wounds were serious and quite painful. But I was tossed, naked, on a cement floor and questioned by the secret police, who tried to make me reveal the names of those who had collaborated in the revolution. When I refused, I was denied food, water and medicine for 48 hours, and constantly questioned. I was told that my wife had been arrested and that it would go bad with her if I did not confess. Finally, they feared my dying might cause an uprising, so I was given medical treatment and later removed to the penitentiary.

CHAIRMAN: Do I understand, Mr. President, that for the full 48 hours you just lay on a cement floor?

PRESIDENT CASTILLO: Yes, sir.

CHAIRMAN: This is extremely interesting to us, Mr. President. Would you tell us, briefly, how you escaped from the penitentiary to lead the revolution that was so successful last June?

PRESIDENT CASTILLO: Yes, after I had been in the penitentiary a little more than seven months, a group of prisoners and myself dug a tunnel from a storeroom, under the penitentiary wall, and across an adjoining street. For 26 days we scraped dirt into sacks, which we carried away and concealed. The night we made the escape I was

met by my wife and some colleagues with a car, and they rushed me to the Colombian Embassy a short distance away, where I took asylum. A few weeks later the Colombian government negotiated a safe-conduct, and I went to Colombia, and then to Honduras, where we organized the revolution.

For three years, my comrades and myself worked to obtain arms and equipment and to build up an organization both inside and outside the country. We knew that our next effort *must* be successful. At times the outlook was discouraging. Not many people were willing to help us, and many of those who were, lacked the means. But we kept our faith in God, and we won.

CHAIRMAN: And I might add, Mr. President, that the whole free world, and millions of souls behind the Iron Curtain, were thrilled at your victory. But tell us this: Now that the Communist regime has been overthrown, are all of your problems solved in Guatemala?

PRESIDENT CASTILLO: By no means. If you will permit me to use military language, we have merely won the first battle in a long war. Our most complicated, and most serious, difficulties are still ahead. The democratic forces have taken over a nation whose economy has been gutted by years of Communist misrule. In their final days, they looted

the treasury, destroyed records, did everything in their power to cause chaos.

But we who participated in the Liberation have made a pledge, not only to Guatemala, but to the world. We are committed to show the world that Guatemala, by democratic ways, can advance the welfare of all of our people, far beyond what was achieved under Communism. Where the Communists kept the people lulled with promises, we must deliver results. As you said, Mr. Chairman, Guatemala is the first nation to return to democracy, after having lived under Communist rule. We are on trial before the world. More than that, all democracy is on trial before the world, in our small republic of Guatemala.

We who participated in the Liberation of Guatemala have pledged that we will work as diligently in reconstruction as we did in revolution. We shall need assistance in the problems of reconstruction, even more than we needed it in our problems of revolution. We need the sympathetic understanding of your own people and government. We need economic aid and technical advice. We need the unified effort of all the people of Guatemala. But most of all, Mr. Chairman, we need the good will of the people of the United States, during the troubled times that we have ahead.



THE *bounty* IS A BUBBLE

By J. ALVIN KUGELMASS



AFTER 300 years, the United States and Canada are ready to call quits on the bounty system. Much to their chagrin, government and state experts have finally awakened to the fact that predatory animals and birds have multiplied *because* of the bounty. Not only have billions of dollars worth of food been destroyed by ever-increasing hordes of four-legged and winged bandits, but bounty bootleggers have siphoned a total of millions of dollars by substituting pelts and claws of harmless gentry, such as gophers for coyotes, and ocelots for bobcats.

Probating for bounty fees is a simple matter when county clerks are unable to tell a dog from a fox or even a wolf, says Professor W. J. Hamilton, Jr., of Cornell University. "It takes experience to distinguish between the feet of a ground squirrel. At one time, North Dakota would pay off on the presentation of one paw. Then a trapper would probate with another paw, and so on. County officials later demanded not only all four paws, but the head and tail."

Down in Pinellas County, Florida, a \$2 bounty has been paid for years on the deadly coral snake, yet only an expert can distinguish between the harmless scarlet king snake and the coral, and hundreds of the former which abound in the region have brought handsome checks to poker-faced hunters.

In Montana, the Game Commission offered \$25 for mountain lions, dead or alive, and in due course notified Idaho officials of the step. Idaho, not to be backward, stepped the bounty up to \$100. Soon, scores of huge pelts were being probated in Idaho, much to the satisfaction of unarmed citizens. But when claims soared out of proportion to a reasonable lion population, professors at the University of Montana were called in. They took one look at the skins, and said: "Cougar!"

Up in North Dakota, enterprising trappers with an eye to increasing returns, snared pregnant ground squirrels, cut off the tails, and probated for the bounty. The mother was then tenderly cared for until she produced a family of young

ones, also growing tails. Sometimes, the tails were even split lengthwise, spread out to effect the appearance of a full one!

WHENEVER a bounty is generous, fraud inevitably creeps in. There are other factors that show up the bounty system to be a positive failure. It is pointed out that Kansas at one time offered a \$2 fee on coyotes, and a 5-cent fee on rabbits. The purpose was to develop better grazing for the vast herds of cattle. However, the higher bounty on coyotes, which were rabbit destroyers, soon left the ubiquitous rabbit a free field for his depredations. The same thing happened in Utah where the ground squirrels had a Roman holiday when fat fees for coyote pelts left them immune to attack.

The bounty frauds are endless since Virginia, in 1632, offered a bounty, to be paid in tobacco, on wolves, or South Carolina opened its treasury to get rid of the bobolinks which were wreaking havoc in the rice fields.

During a four-year period, Minnesota paid out some \$60,000 as bounties on wolf pelts. The field day lasted from 1932 to 1936, when one observant official noted the sudden rise in tally-ho, or the chase for the fox. At the turn of the century, Pennsylvania determined to get rid of the pesky owl, and paid off thousands of dollars for the innocent heads of the cuckoo, the pheasant and the partridge.

John Cerstell, of the Pennsylvania Board of Game Commission, has strongly recommended the abolishment of the bounty method of extermination, stating that den hunting by Federal hunters, as well as trapping by those who suffer deprivations, would be more effective. "It is impossible to prove that the operation of the bounty system has improved game conditions," he says.

In Ontario, Canada, during a three-year trial period, more than a half million dollars was spent for the eradication of 33,000 wolves, many of which were smuggled across the border from the United States. Wildcat skins by the hundreds came into British Columbia from Mexico where bounties were paid across the board by clerks who had never heard of a bobcat in a hundred-mile radius. Montana paid off its heaviest bounties in those counties adjacent to Canada where coyotes abounded, thus giving rise to much head scratching and speculation.

The sincere hunters for the predatory are those who care little for the bounty. They hunt with a rage and a vengeance, and they are of course the injured farmers and ranchers. In Iowa, for example, more gophers are presented for probate each year by irate farmers than from professional trappers and hunters. The percentage is more than 150 to one.

The bounty system is a snare and a delusion.